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AFRICA'S MOUNTAIN VALLEY.

E. EVANS.

Africa's Mountain Valley;

OR

THE CHURCH IN REGENT'S TOWN,
WEST AFRICA.

By
WILLIAM A. B. JOHNSON

"Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains."—ISAIAH xlii. 11.

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PREFACE.

THE greater part of the materials for the present volume will be found in a work, published three years ago, entitled "The Memoir of the Rev. W. A. B. Johnson;" containing the diary and letters of that devoted Missionary. The student of missions will probably still prefer the original volume, gathering the separate facts for himself, and forming his own estimate. But a consecutive history being, for the most part, more attractive to the general reader, the preparation of the work in its present form was urged upon the writer, by the Compiler of the Memoir, in the belief that if it led to a more extended acquaintance with so wonderful a work of God, by His Missionary servant, it could not fail to awaken increased interest in missions abroad, and to make known the same regenerating truth at home. The facts not drawn from the work above

mentioned are taken from sources equally to be relied on.

In a Diary written for the Committee of a working Society, facts were for the most part related by the Missionary without any other comment than an ascription of praise, or an expression of desire. But in becoming the historian of those facts, it was necessary to remember that, as with the page of Divine Inspiration, so with the page of Divine Providence, it is not the cursory glance, but the attentive contemplation of it, that will make it as a glass, in which we behold the glory of the Lord.

In speaking of this African missionary, his second Christian name of Augustine has been chosen, because of its interesting and familiar association with the evangelical Bishop of Hippo, the light of Africa in the fourth century. The annalist of Regent's Town is deeply sensible of the privilege of recording its history. It may be that the interest awakened by "Sunrise in the Tropics," will incline many an eye to look back to the *Morning Star* as seen from the Mountain Valley—heralding the dawn of Light for Africa.

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"A Land of Trouble and Anguish."

"O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die."—Psalm lxxix. 12.

CHAPTER I.

"A LAND OF TROUBLE AND ANGUISH."

AFRICA! — The echo of the curse uttered four thousand years ago upon her people's first progenitor, seems, to the listener's saddened heart, to reverberate still from her mountain summits and along her billowy shore — "Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren!" The beautiful Sierras of her western coast are said to have been named Leone because of the tremendous roaring of the thunder over the mountain-tops, or from the loud booming of the waves that break upon the shore. Tornados rage in fury; and a poisonous wind sweeps over the dark forests, breathing disease and death.

Yet the land itself has scenes of nature, grand and beautiful. Sierra Leone, its western promontory, is

most beautiful; mountains, rivers, rocks, and valleys diversify the landscape; lofty forests clothe the inland mountains with luxuriance; while the shore is broken by little bays, above which rise the hills, waving with the graceful palm-tree, which here, as everywhere, rises its country's blessing; to the poor African it yields meat, drink, and clothing, while its leaves thatch his dwelling, and its outer bark he weaves into baskets and mats. The valleys and the highlands are fertile, inviting the labourer to an abundant increase.

And yet, "the land mourneth!" Do we ask the reason? Because, "A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." It was a father's curse upon an ungodly son, and four thousand years have witnessed its awful fulfilment. Africa is a land of slavery, the stronger always making war on the weaker, and dragging them into captivity and death. A quiet village rises, parents and children dwell together and eat the labour of their hands; then suddenly, when the night has sent the tired negroes to their rest, the flames encircle their village home, the murderous war-cry rouses the sleepers, the fathers rush to defend all that life holds dear, the frantic mothers and their terrified children wait but a little moment and all is over—they see their husbands and their fathers dead upon the ground, or bound in iron fetters; they

see their dreadful foes, freedom is gone for ever, all are slaves! Led away, they toil to serve some neighbouring king, till death releases them; death too often coming quickly by the relentless murderer's knife. One West-African king, reckoned among their best, watered the grave of his mother with the life-blood of three thousand of these helpless victims!

But this is not the worst. There are those bearing the Christian name, who for centuries have tempted, and some of whom still tempt Africa's poor heathen sons to this inhuman traffic; who, sinning against light, exceed all the crimes poor Africa perpetrates in her darkness; who, for filthy lucre's sake, become the agents of the Evil One. These white men steer for the African coast in vessels laden with rum, tobacco, and many European articles; these they land, and in exchange they require from the Africans thousands of slaves; it is for this the quiet village is consumed in flames; for this its poor inhabitants are driven chained together for hundreds of miles to their country's shore, watering their country's soil along their dreadful march with tears and blood, and strewing the agonizing way with the bodies of their dying and their dead; but when their feet have trod their last upon their native soil, when the white man has received them—then their misery is seven-fold more,

language has no words to express the sufferings of the slave. We only say—the white man has wrung from Africa the deepest groans her poor and captived children have sent up to Heaven; and the Angel of death has records against the white man, which Mercy's own hand folds up until the day of eternal retribution, lest the very hearing of what the African slaves have suffered, should sadden for ever on earth the hearts of those who know what it is to suffer with the suffering!

Yet when the negro women found the white man a stranger in their land, their tenderness proved a well-spring of life to him. Parke, in all his wanderings and wretchedness, found them ever kind and compassionate. And Lidyard his predecessor says, "If I were hungry or thirsty, wet or sick, they did not hesitate to perform a generous action. In so free and so kind a manner did they contribute to my relief, that if I were dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I eat the coarsest morsel with a double relish." Of the African parent we have but to glance at the history of the slave trade to learn that, as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of the African to the English mother. And of their filial feeling Parke tells us, that he found it a familiar proverb among both the free and the slave negro population, "Strike me, but do not curse my mother!"

Yet might they truly have said "Behold we die, we perish, we all perish" beneath the white man's inhuman will! Of every thousand victims taken as slaves, one half perished in the first seizure, the march, and while waiting in the barracoons on the coast for the slave ship: one fourth of those embarked in the vessel perished on the passage; of those landed in the plantations, where they were to toil for a foreign master, in a foreign land, one fifth perished in the first year; so that of every thousand, only three hundred survived, on an average, to linger out some few bitter years; ten on an average, at the most, beneath the pitiless rule of masters, too many of whom were untouched by compassion, unapproached by shame. We remember that it is written, "He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy." "Every man's judgment cometh from the Lord." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

With murder stalking through the land in its most hideous forms, it can hardly be wondered at that he "who was a murderer from the beginning," *openly* reigns over these poor children of Ham: the Devil is their acknowledged God, and the Devil-house stands beside the clustering tents, as England's church among her cottage homes. Nature teaches them to know and dread the Evil One, but nature brings no tidings of deliverance from his power; their best hope rises no higher than to propitiate the world's great

murderer; of the world's Redeemer, they had never heard:—"How shall they hear without a preacher; and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Is then the curse written for ever on Afric's sable brow—a servant of servants must he be, and that without hope of release? Listen, O land of bondage unto death, "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free!" "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God!" then shall all her law be fulfilled in one word—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself!" then shall the outgoings of her morning and evening rejoice, when it is said among the people "THE LORD REIGNETH!"

If the white man filled the cup of African slavery to the brim, drugging it with seven-fold bitterness, and making it overflow,—the white man also, but with a heart far different, rose as Africa's deliverer, Africa's protector, Africa's blessing. In the noble soul of Granville Sharp was planted the seed of African freedom. An English barrister by profession, he honoured England's law of liberty by freeing it, with years of labour, from the vile abuse of evil practices and evil men—until in 1772, it was decided by England's Lord Chief Justice, that it was freedom for a slave to set his foot on England! England then, like England's God, was declared to be "a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble;" and that because one of her sons had turned

his penetrating intellect, in obedience to the divine command, to "seek judgment, and relieve the oppressed." And now behold a blessed sight—the negro pressing to the white man's feet, crowding his door, they claim him as their friend, and he was faithful to the sacred trust. From England's law he turned to England's crown, and with no less success; it was determined to make Sierra Leone, in Africa itself, a free colony for the liberated slave; and there, in the year 1787, the infant tree of African freedom was planted, whose stem shows now so stately and so strong, and whose branches bid fair to shadow the length and breadth of Africa's weary land.

After the abolition of the slave trade by the British government in 1807, the slave-ships captured by the British flag were brought into the beautiful harbour of Sierra Leone. Here from vessel after vessel thousands of liberated slaves stood again upon their native shore, and found that the white man, and freedom, and Africa, had received them! Numbers indeed were living skeletons only; numbers were maimed, never again to stand erect; in others the cruelty of the oppressor had darkened reason's light for ever upon earth; and others expired in the friendly arms that bore them to the hospital; but thousands still lived to rejoice! On being landed at Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, they became

subjects of the sovereign of Great Britain; they were clothed and provided for by the British government, and divided into different villages or small towns, in the colony; allotments of land were given them, they were also employed and paid by government, and in every way encouraged in the practice of agriculture and useful trades.

And now we look upon Sierra Leone as one great nursery-ground, planted by England from no less than forty African nations, the tree of freedom flourishing in the midst, all peaceful and secure. England's crown adopts it, England's statesmen legislate for it, England's laws regulate it, England's sword forgets its scabbard, guarding the high seas round it. But as yet its plants were wild, their fruits were bitter—Sin and Death! England desired that they should bloom for immortality, and yield fruit unto life everlasting; but for this they must be grafted with a heavenly scion,—"This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." The sceptre and the sword of England owned the necessity of a higher agency, and lifting a voice in silent Africa's behalf, exclaimed, "Come over and help us!"* Each succeeding governor of the colony gave expression to his anxiety for some adequate

* See "Walker's Church Mission in Sierra Leone," pp. 6, 7.

provision for the spiritual wants of the people;—while the British government responded, with a cordiality truly paternal, to every appeal for pecuniary aid to supply the spiritual or educational necessities of the liberated African. Where, then, shall we turn to meet the servants of the most high God, hastening in reply, to show unto Africa's freed children the way of salvation?

Look across the broad Atlantic, till Africa's vast continent is lost in distance; pass Spain, and Portugal, and France, as once the prophet Samuel, following the divine election, passed by the goodly elder sons of Jesse,—so pass those elder children of the earth, till you reach the ocean isle of Britain. See in that far distant island the uplifted hands, and bended knees that plead with Heaven for Africa. O Love Divine, who can behold the sight, and not discern the fact, that Thou dost make the hearts in which Thou dwellest, in their measure, expansive as Thyself! In one of that island's cities see a little band of consecrated men assembled, they are the leaders of a Society whose motto of service is, "For Africa and the East;" whose object is to make known to every perishing heathen the "unsearchable riches of Christ;" whose desire is to guide every lost idolator into "the way of peace;" whose effort is to bring every slave of Satan and of sin into "the glorious liberty of the sons of God." Surely as you look upon such a work, you

will breathe a benediction on it! And, behold, already on Africa's mountains, "the feet of them that bring good tidings, that publish peace, that bring good tidings of good, that publish salvation, that say, Thy God reigneth!" Well may we exclaim with the inspired prophet, "How beautiful!" "All the ends of the world shall see the salvation of our God!" They know that those fair sierras and those watered valleys are "the white man's grave,"—that some short two years may be reckoned upon as the probable average of the missionary's life among them, and yet they come; "They count not their lives dear unto them, so that they may finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God!"

There then lies Sierra Leone, England's noblest trophy—an evergreen myrtle-crown upon her free-born brow, the home of liberty in a land of slavery, the abode of light in a region of darkness, the shrine of truth in the usurped dominion of "the father of lies!"

We will now take a brief survey of the Colony in its present townships.

On nearing the land, your eye discerns the lofty mountains, undistinguished from the clouds above them; but on approaching them, they rise defined before you, in the calm majesty of Nature. The

summits of the higher mountains are clothed with forests, almost impenetrable except to the Gazelle, the Monkey, and the Leopard; while their base is adorned with a beautiful garland of towering palms. As you enter the harbour, FREETOWN, the capital of the Colony, lies before you—in situation as lovely to the eye, as the fact, embalmed in its name, is welcome to the heart. Around Freetown, the capital, lie other towns and villages, in which the liberated slaves have been from time to time located. From Freetown you travel by a pleasant road, bordered by hedges like an English lane, then up a steep mountain ascent, till, on its summit, you reach Wilberforce; whose very name, like Freetown, tells its blessed origin. From Wilberforce, a wild and lonely mountain path, of about two hours' distance, leads you to Regent's Town; this lovely dwelling-place of freedom is situated in a deep mountain valley; its population, now amounting to several thousands, almost entirely Christian—the history of the grace of God bestowed upon it will form the subject of the following pages. Not far from Regent, but out of the line of direct progress, lies the town of Gloucester; passing that by, and continuing our course through the same narrow valley in which Regent lies embosomed in its mountain-home, we reach Charlotte Town; from Charlotte we pass by a low plain to Grafton, and from Grafton by a good road to Hastings and Waterloo. From

Waterloo to Kent, the road skirts the base of mountains, still covered with primitive forests. Then returning by boat to the capital, York is visible from the sea; Kissey and Wellington are both within an easy walk from Freetown.

From this brief survey of the field of labour, we turn to contemplate the man whose work in its wildest mountain valley, must bring to all who will "observe" it, a fuller "understanding of the loving-kindness of the Lord."

The Messenger of Peace.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—Deut. xxxii. 12.
"Separated unto the Gospel of God."—Rom. i. 1.

CHAPTER II.

THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

In Hanover, in the year 1787, a boy of eight years old stood in his class at School. It was Monday morning, and the master of the school always expected an account of the Sunday sermons. When this boy of eight years old, Augustine Johnson by name, was asked what he remembered, he repeated a text of Holy Scripture, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me,"—he could remember no more. The master said, "That is merely a text! I have never thought it enough to have only a text remembered." The boy was grieved,—so much grieved that he never forgot it.

We are looking back on that scene in a German school, and what do we behold? the master disappointed,—the child distressed. This was all that was visible then; but the light of the present enables us to read the hidden secrets of the past. That German school-master, by his reproof, uncon-

sciously fastened for ever that nail of divine truth in the heart of the boy; that living seed of the divine word was securely planted in the depth of the sensitive child's feeling of distress; that star of divine promise was immovably fixed in the boy's horizon of memory, to shine forth upon him in his night of deepest darkness, casting on his soul the first beam of the Spirit,—conviction of sin.

Years passed over the German boy, leading him on from youth to manhood, but of these years we have no record; for when he took the pen to write his history, he stood in the light of eternal truth, and, therefore, looking back on his past years he realized the fact, that all which is not of God is but as a "vain show;" he saw that even in the life of a saint of the Lord, *that* only has a blessed reality, *that* only has a happy duration, which is united with the eternal, immortal, invisible God; that all else must pass away for ever, shrinking up the length and breadth of years, too often, into the briefest intervals of time; therefore, of his unrenewed life he writes "To go through it, would be long and tedious. I will only say that goodness and mercy have followed me all my days; and I have been wonderfully and miraculously preserved in many dangers."

The year 1812 found Augustine Johnson a married man; living in London, and working as a day-labourer at a sugar-refiner's in Whitechapel:

provisions were then at their highest price, and the German mechanic found his scanty earnings insufficient for his support.

"One evening," he says, "having nothing to eat, and being almost naked, and my dear wife lying in bed weeping for hunger, which drove me into great distress, I threw myself also on the bed, turning from one side to the other, thinking what I should do. No friend to go to!" Augustine Johnson was a stranger in a strange land,—yet the stranger's God he knew not! Then in that hour of nature's dark distress, suddenly upon his soul rose that star of heavenly promise, remembered by him in his childhood, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me!" It was the stranger's God that spoke to him, presenting Himself as a friend—"a brother born for adversity," bidding the friendless sufferer call upon Him! But the invitation of the Holy One brought only terror to the unholy sufferer; the same beam of heavenly light that reveals the God of Mercy, reveals also the sinner's sinfulness, "made manifest by the light;" and at first the sense of unworthiness to obey the gracious invitation kept the sinner back; the murmur of ten thousand sins rose up within his soul to oppose the voice of heavenly invitation. He said within himself, "Me call upon God! Have not I done such things, and committed such sins? and now call

upon God to deliver me! In short," he says, "it was as if a book had been opened, and I had read all the sins I had been guilty of! Oh, what shall I do!" he cried, "what shall I do! No worldly prospects, and an angry God! I was in a despairing state. Oh, what a dismal night was this!"

It was the hour of conviction of sin. In such an hour the long-slumbering conscience wakes, and the startled transgressor hears, above all else, its terrible accusations, and can only think of God in His offended holiness. But God, who is rich in mercy, purposed to draw and bind the long-lost wanderer to Himself with bands of love. "God speaketh once, yea, twice;" whenever His voice has been heard once, and awakened the conscience, we may with hope and expectation wait for it to speak again; to silence all the despairing doubts of sin, with the constraining power of His infinite love,—so it was with Augustine Johnson. That dismal night wore away, but as yet all was darkness and despair in his soul, he had not yet felt the healing wings of the Sun of Righteousness overshadowing him; he went to his work early in the morning, with the feeling, he says, of a madman. Breakfast-time came, the men went to their homes, he felt it was no use for him to go to his, but still he went; he did not wish it to be suspected that he had no breakfast, so he went. But He who can "furnish a table in the

wilderness," had not left the desolate abode; He had visited it in the night-season to convince of sin, and now He still tarried to convince of love.

Augustine Johnson saw his wife at the door with a face of happiness instead of tears, meeting him to tell him that breakfast was ready. A lady had taken a house near by; she had sent for his wife, recommended to do so by a neighbouring shopkeeper, she had given her employment, and placed some money in her hands. Deep in his awakened heart sank the sense of the tender mercy of the Lord; he had light now to see from whence it came; he says, "My feelings at that moment I cannot well express. The greatest sinner in the world, and God so merciful! My despairing state was turned a little into joy."

But it is possible to receive some great undeserved mercy, to feel it a token of Almighty love, and yet not to be set free from the heavy burden of sin. The Divine Life consists of successive steps: "They go from strength to strength," and "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth *more* and *more* unto the perfect day;" therefore, though despair was turned a little into joy, still he says, "My sins, my sins laid very heavy upon me. I tried to pray, but I did not know how, or what to say, lest I should add sin to sin. I beheld the world, and I thought there was none that did right. I

tried to do good, but I could not bring it into performance. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Having heard that a prayer-meeting was held in the German Church in the Savoy, every Friday and Monday, he determined to attend. The first evening that he went, Mr. Lehman, a Moravian, gave an exhortation; he explained the love of Jesus, and exclaimed, "Is there a sinner here, full of sin, and ready to sink under it?—I bid, in the name of Jesus, such an one to come unto Him, for He has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

This was the word of life,—"preaching peace by Jesus Christ!" It is written, "Faith cometh by hearing," and as Augustine Johnson listened, the heavy burden melted away, the dark cloud rolled from between his soul and his Saviour; he could pray, he felt joy unspeakable and full of glory; he thought he could have gone to Heaven at once; he went on his way rejoicing.

We may here trace the beauty of the Divine appointment, by which Augustine Johnson first consciously received Christ and Heaven into his own soul, through the *preached* word, as a never-to-be-forgotten preparation for standing up himself to preach the same freeness and fulness of the love of God, by which, so far as man can judge, souls were

quickened into heavenly life under almost every sermon that he delivered.

Having "found the Christ," he longed to bring his wife unto Jesus; but he was shown that to bring a soul out of darkness into light, must be accomplished, "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Not discouraged, he next laboured to persuade his fellow-workmen to "taste and see that the Lord is good," but they made scorn of and persecuted him; he found again that, "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." But though as yet no heart responded to his call, we equally recognize in the German mechanic the same indwelling spirit of heavenly love, which spoke in Moses when he said to Hobab, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good;" the same which spoke in Isaiah, when he exclaimed, "O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord;" the same which is spoken of by Christ as the utterance of each living member of His church, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come!"

Augustine Johnson was learning now, by experience, that fallen human nature has no heart to love the voice of the heavenly charmer, and therefore refuseth to hear it, charm he never so wisely. It was necessary that he should learn this lesson first, that when in after-years the word of the Lord ministered

by him proved, day by day, the savour of life unto life unto the souls around him, he might then remember that it is God alone who, in the day of His power, maketh the sinner willing to come unto Him; "that he that glorieth may glory in the Lord."

In the following year he was present at a chapel in Fetter Lane when some missionaries were dismissed. One of them declared what God had done for him, and how he was called to the missionary work. It was as iron sharpening iron, till Augustine Johnson's whole soul glowed with a fervent desire to devote himself to the heathen for Christ's sake. "That night," he says, "was spent in tears; my feeling was, Oh, could I but go and help them, and tell them of Jesus, how gracious and merciful He is to poor sinners! O Lord, to thee nothing is impossible!—here am I, send me!" But after a while he turned his eyes earthward, and looked on difficulties; then his desire to go to the heathen faded, and his heavenly light faded with it—he walked on in darkness, becoming prayerless and careless. When he was in this state, he heard a sermon in which were the following words, "Are any of you in darkness? examine yourselves, for something is the reason that God hides his face." This led him to enquire, as Job of old, "Shew me wherefore thou contendest with me," and he quickly found that since he had quenched the desire to labour as a missionary, he

had been in darkness; this led him to a fresh surrender of himself to the will of God.

While he now walked in the light of the Lord—with Christ in his heart the hope of glory—his wife still remained unchanged; she had no light within her soul, no heavenly hope beyond the grave; she knew and loved only the things of earth. This was her husband's grief. But one day, a sermon which he heard greatly encouraged him in prayer and hope; and God granted him his heart's desire, and did not deny him the request of his lips:—His wife attended on the means of grace; she became convinced of sin, and found the same gracious Saviour able and willing to receive her also. "Now," he says, "I was delivered from a heavy burden, which had caused me to mourn very often; my heart did sing for joy." And now he thought that all was well; God had heard and answered his prayers, and they might dwell comfortably and happily in England. But the gracious will of God changes not with his people's changeful feelings; and Augustine Johnson soon found that if we resolvedly bury *one* heaven-given desire, we bury every other heavenly desire with it; the purpose of God is one unbroken whole; we cannot separate its parts—receiving one and refusing another. To turn from God's will in any particular, is to turn, in that respect, from God Himself, and darkness and deadness of spirit must be the result,

like the plant deprived of the sunbeam and the dew. Again, therefore, he was brought very low; his heart "grew heavy like a stone," and he could not utter a word in prayer. And now no doubt the enemy of God and man thought his purpose almost gained. He had heard the poor German mechanic's missionary prayers, and seen his missionary tears, and having once "hindered" so mighty a spirit as the Apostle St. Paul, he might think his present victory easy and sure. The Friday evening prayer-meeting came; Augustine Johnson had no heart for supplication, and felt a great desire not to go; he lingered, the hour passed by; but while he lingered, and Satan triumphed, some good angel, as of old, laid hold upon his hand, the Lord being merciful unto him, and led him forth! or, the love of Christ secretly constrained him against his former will, and he went! The service was partly over, but he arrived in time to hear these words of the exhortation: "If once a desire be laid on the heart by the Holy Spirit, that desire will never be quenched. The individual may try again and again to quench it, but he will never have any rest till it is accomplished." He was now overwhelmed with distress, day and night feeling that he had quenched a desire which the Holy Spirit had kindled within him.

At length the same "still small voice" of peace which first awakened his heart in the night of his tem-

poral despair, spoke to him again in this his spiritual distress. These words came with power to his soul, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." This so encouraged him, that he went and spoke to the minister of the chapel he attended; but having silenced the doubts of his own soul, he had to stand the doubts of his fellow men. "Mr. Stodhart," he says, "made my heart bleed, but did not dismiss me without hope." Mr. Stodhart sent him to a gentleman who promised to name him to the committee of a missionary society. But now that the power of divine grace had triumphed in the heart of this soldier of the cross, and he was all but enlisted for the great battle-field of the heathen world, the enemy, who could no longer hinder him from within, raised up an obstacle to hinder him from without:—His wife refused to think of going with him; but there was no darkness now between his soul and his God, and therefore he could come boldly to the throne of grace, to find help in this his time of need, and only a few days passed before his wife had as strong a desire to go as he had himself.

While waiting on in hope, Mr. During, who was going out as a missionary to Africa, called upon him, and learning his wish to go, promised to name him to Mr. Pratt. In a few days, Mr. Pratt sent for him. And here it is impossible not to pause a moment to congratulate, in retrospect, the Hanoverian mechanic,

that at this crisis, after his long conflict of feeling, the appeal for a missionary's work, on which he had finally resolved, was to be presented to one so capable of judging, so able to appreciate! We have seen the sensitive temperament of the poor German in his childhood; we have traced him through hunger and cold, and the madness of a despairing spirit: we have seen him comforted, then trying to comfort others with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God, but repulsed with coldness and scorn — and for him surely the woundings of his fellow-men had a penetrating point! Nor was this all; — "without were fightings, within were fears." Nearly three years had passed over him since the struggle of the divine life had begun within him, and as yet he had dwelt solitarily; the means of grace had been richly blessed to him, but the human heart yearns for the personal sympathy, counsel, and encouragement of those to whom it can look up in the divine life; and this is seldom withheld; but of Augustine Johnson it may emphatically be said, "The Lord alone did lead him," and the blessed consequence followed, "there was no strange God with him:" — self was dethroned, the creature subservient in all things to the Creator, and the world laid low beneath the feet of one who numbered yet but three short years in the school of Christ. We linger with comfort and joy over the thought of this trem-

bling recruit for the battle-field of the heathen world, standing for approval and acceptance beneath the penetrating and benignant eye of that veteran of the faith — Josiah Pratt. A short conversation was all that passed, before a promise was given of naming him to the committee. What needed more — when both were standing in the light of Truth? the Secretary of Missions, whose sphere was the world, had more doubtful questions to engage his lengthened enquiry than the fitness of one who now stood before him, so manifestly an epistle of Christ, written with the Spirit of the living God! But though the experienced father in Christ was satisfied, the inexperienced disciple was not so. Now, when a promise of acceptance appeared, he feared lest he should go unsent; but he carried all his fears where before he had carried all his desires — to his Saviour's feet, and the answer was, Peace! peace!

Fourteen days afterwards he was called before the committee, to stand among those, amidst whom he has now found his place of rest above, — Basil Woodd, William Goode, Josiah Pratt — while the beloved Daniel Wilson, then one of that committee, is still spared to bless the Church Militant. A brief conference seems to have been all that was again found necessary. Augustine Johnson and his wife were to receive a twelve-months' training, and then

they were to be sent forth as schoolmaster and schoolmistress to Sierra Leone. We can but sum up the result of that conference in the words of St. Paul, "When James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hands of fellowship, that we should go unto the heathen."

And now he thought his trials over; but the faith that was to the last so greatly to glorify God, and benefit the Church, could not be perfected except by exercise; he was greatly tried, first by the illness of his wife, and then by the returning doubts of his own self-distrustful heart; it was the adversary's last fierce assault, to keep back, if possible, this fervent spirit from invading, in the name of the Lord, his own dark empire of the heathen world. Doubt, once listened to, grew bolder, till it questioned in Augustine Johnson's heart the reality of his conversion to God. When, looking off from Christ, he looked upon himself, all his past experience appeared but a dream and an imagination; and he resolved to go to Mr. Pratt the next morning and give all up. Had he gone, that man of God would doubtless have discerned the true state of the case, arrested the refusal, and applied the heavenly remedy; but this was not needed, for that very night the divine Master, as once of old, appeared upon the troubled wave; in a dream,

that precious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," was powerfully impressed upon his mind, and calmed his fears.

And now his thoughts were busy with the place of his destination, Sierra Leone, and when it came into his mind, a dark cloud seemed to rise before him; but gleaming through the cloud, like the star of the morning, the promise came into his heart continually, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know that, I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight; these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Again and again do we find this *directness* of communication alluded to, and no doubt it was the case in numberless instances not recorded,—for Augustine Johnson *walked with God,* it could not, therefore, be otherwise; and we shall trace the same direct and vivifying power in the Divine word ministered by him to the hearts of others—his lips touched with the live coal from the altar of atonement, his tongue tipped with its heavenly fire. We may discover also from the gracious dealings of God, in constantly adding assurance to assurance, pouring in afresh the balm of heavenly consolation, given or applied by the Divine Spirit—that all his trembling anxiety, and even his temporary resolution to give up, were not the result of unwillingness, but rather the overstrained feeling

of a most sensitive spirit, of which the enemy well knew how to take advantage. In bringing him now to the time of his departure, we have traced proofs, most evident, that he went not "in the energy of the flesh," but "in the power of the Spirit." On the 11th of March, 1816, Germany and England sent forth one of their best and noblest to the heathen world —— No; it cannot so be said; they were, with the exception of that small committee, all unconscious of what they yielded up. "The Lord alone did lead him!"

"A Garden which hath no Water."

"They shall come which were ready to perish."—Isaiah xxvii. 13.

"For the terrible one is brought to nought."—Isaiah xxix. 20.

CHAPTER III.

"A GARDEN WHICH HATH NO WATER."

On Tuesday, April the 30th. 1816, our missionary and his wife entered the harbour of Sierra Leone. He greeted its natural loveliness of situation, poured out a thanksgiving to the God who had brought him in safety to a land he knew not, lifted up a supplication for the love of Jesus to be shed abroad afresh within his heart, and then, bidding the ocean-waves farewell, he turned to the welcome that awaited him on shore. If we looked upon him with congratulating pleasure when the good hand of his God led him to the guardianship of that father of the Church, Josiah Pratt, to be strengthened, instructed, dismissed by him and his brethren in the Lord, truly again may we rejoice on his behalf, that on Africa's shore stood Edward Bickersteth! Mr. Bickersteth was then on a visit of six weeks to the colony, for the purpose of making missionary regulations there, and bringing a report to the Society at home. Those to whom the beaming countenance, so expressive of wakeful kindliness, the

heaven-ward aspect of the mind, and still more the heart of overflowing love which marked that honoured servant of his Lord, are familiar, will dwell not unwillingly a moment in pleasant thought upon a welcome such as he would give, to one who came to Africa constrained by the love of Christ. We linger, even as over the comfort expressed in apostolic writings, when the elder in Christ met the younger in the faith, and strengthened his hands in God. Mr. Bickersteth was not slow to perceive the value of the man he had welcomed to Sierra Leone; he says, in one of his letters, "I am much pleased with what I have seen in Mr. Johnson; there seems a deadness to the world, and a devotion of heart to the cause, which are likely to make him a blessing where God's providence shall place him." This Christian fellowship was never broken, never shadowed; all through the devoted labours of Augustine Johnson's missionary life, every letter of thankful response, of counsel, encouragement, and comfort addressed to him from the committee at home, bears one or both of the signatures,

"JOSIAH PRATT.
EDWARD BICKERSTETH."

Among the mountains of Sierra Leone, some miles distant from Freetown, the capital of the colony, there lay a lovely valley, a most romantic spot, sur-

rounded by lofty mountains, one rearing its head above another, and covered with trees and brush-wood continually green. Streams descended in different directions from the narrow cliffs; forming, when united, a large brook, which ran through the middle of the valley; on the banks on either side was a meadow always verdant. This wild and lovely valley went formerly by the name of Hog-brook, from the number of wild hogs frequenting the place; but the governor of Sierra Leone fixed upon it as a suitable spot for one of the many villages among which the liberated slaves were divided, and called it Regent's Town.

The governor had placed fifteen hundred liberated negroes as inhabitants of this valley; their huts were built on both sides of the stream; the cattle given them were to feed in its pastures, while around the town lay the farms which they were to cultivate. From these farms eight mountains reared their heads, and formed a chain around the spot. It was this negro-town that was placed, by Mr. Bickersteth and the governor, entirely under Mr. Johnson's spiritual and temporal care. It will be remembered that he had been sent out only as a schoolmaster, but a schoolmaster was the utmost that England could give to many a one of these free negro villages; and even a schoolmaster was more than she could often find to supply these quickly-multiplying negro towns, amid the ravages of death among the devoted band who laboured there.

When Augustine Johnson was informed that Regent's Town was to be committed to his care, he says in his journal, "I cannot express what my heart felt at that moment! Mr. Nylander informed me how many negroes there were at that place, which gave me great joy, notwithstanding the misery he also pointed them out as being in. I was fully convinced that if God the Holy Spirit stopped them, as it were, in their mad career, although some of the wildest cannibals in Africa, they cannot any longer resist." And writing to Mr. Pratt, of the place of his appointment, he says, "Well, I will go in the strength of the Lord; I will teach them to read, and tell them of Jesus."

On the night of June 19, 1816, he slept for the first time among the negroes of his charge; lying on the ground covered with a blanket, while the rain penetrated through the roof of the hut which he had hoped would shelter him. "On looking narrowly into the actual condition of the people entrusted to his care, he felt great discouragement: Natives of twenty-two different nations were here collected together, and a considerable number of them had been but recently liberated from the holds of slave-vessels; they were greatly prejudiced against one another, and in a state of continual hostility; with no common medium of intercourse but a little broken English. When clothing was given them, they would

sell it or throw it away, and it was not found possible to induce them to wear it, till led to do so by the example of Mr. Johnson's servant-girl. In some huts ten of them were crowded together, and in others even fifteen or twenty. Many of them were ghastly as skeletons, and six or eight sometimes died in one day. Superstition in many forms tyrannized over their minds; many devil-houses sprung up, and all placed their security in wearing greegrees. Scarcely any desire of improvement was discernible; for a considerable time there were hardly five or six acres of land brought under cultivation; and some who wished to cultivate the soil were deterred from doing so by the fear of being plundered of the produce. Some would live in the woods apart from society; and others subsisted by thieving and plunder; they would steal fowls, ducks, and pigs from any one who possessed them. In the first week of his residence among them, Mr. Johnson lost thirty fowls."* Of the Eboe nation, the most savage of all, the report goes on to state that, "about forty of them had been placed under a course of military instruction at Bance Island, "but they were discharged as intractable, and *sent to Regent's Town;* here they soon gave proof of almost incredible brutality."

Such were the people among whom Augustine Johnson was called to labour; in his journal he says,

* Twentieth Report of the Church Missionary Society.

"These poor people may indeed be called the off-scouring of Africa. But shall I despair now? No! the first shall be last, and the last first! Who knows whether the Lord will not make his power known among these poor depraved people—with Him nothing is impossible. Let me go then and tell them of Jesus. His grace is sufficient for the vilest of the vile, for the chief of sinners: yes, it is sufficient for the vilest cannibal! The greatest part of these poor people have lately arrived from slave-vessels, and are in the most deplorable condition, chiefly afflicted with the dropsical complaint. To describe the misery would indeed be impossible. Oh may the Lord hold me up and I shall be safe under these difficulties which are apparently before me!" The naturally depraved hearts of these poor heathens had passed under the brutalizing cruelties of the slave-trade; all native kindliness of disposition had been consumed in misery's furnace—"The sorrow of the world worketh death!" and such was the sorrow of the heathen slave. With all the ties of kindred wrenched by the rudest hand asunder, with all the associations of life broken up, here were planted side by side those who in their native territories had been hostile each to the other; wretchedness and discord could only be the natural result. All the generosity of the British crown, all the bravery of British seamen, all the care of British

legislators, must have failed to accomplish any permanently happy result, if human effort had not recognised the need of heavenly grace, and provided means by which the hearts of these poor liberated slaves might be watered with the life-giving Word of that Almighty Saviour, who was "sent of God to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." And now among them stood the messenger of the Lord of Hosts, and we are called to watch the breathing of the Divine Wind over these slain of sin and Satan, until they live unto God, and stand upon their heavenward feet, an army of the righteous!

Augustine Johnson was given to these poor re-captured slaves as a temporal and spiritual father; he was to regulate their places of abode, mark out their land, appoint their trades, superintend their public works, give out their food, distribute their clothing, settle their disputes, instruct them in heavenly knowledge, visit them in sickness, direct them in difficulty—in short do all for them that such suffering, destitute, ignorant creatures needed, and that could be done for them by a fellow man! And we shall see that as with the youthful prophet of old, "The Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground."

But he was first to test and prove, the universal

fact, that the natural mind has no response to the Heavenly call. "God," by His servants, "speaketh once, yea twice, yet man *perceiveth* it not." If the Apostle Paul ceased not to pray for his Ephesian converts, that the eyes of their understanding might be enlightened, that they might know the hope of the calling of God, how utterly darkened must these poor West African slaves remain, until God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, should shine into their hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ! But the "earthen vessel," by whom "this treasure" was to be conveyed to them, already stood among them, though as yet they knew it not.

The Missionary writes, "When I first went among them, I told them why I came. I was not come to use them cruelly, as they had before been used, but I was come to tell them how they might be saved, and enjoy eternal happiness through Jesus Christ. They gave little heed to me, though I visited them from day to day; and to my great mortification, on Sunday only nine hearers came, and these almost naked. I was much discouraged; however, I went the next week and told them why I came; and tried to persuade them to come and hear God's Word; and that if they desired to learn to read God's Book, the Bible, I would instruct them."

His second Sabbath dawned upon Augustine

Johnson among his negro people, July 14, 1816. The only place in which he could as yet meet them was his own house; there, while the early morning breathed over the hills, they came, assembling to his early family prayers between five and six o'clock: they now surrounded the white man who had come from afar, not to make them captives, but to lead them into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. A hymn was sung, and part of Jeremiah xlvi. explained, "Behold, I will save thee from afar off, and thy seed from the land of their captivity." Another hymn was sung, and then they knelt around the stranger, while he poured forth his soul in prayer for them. And now the difficulty was not to win but to dismiss them; the whole day was spent in repeated services, the negroes crowding around the dwelling which could receive only a few within. Monday, July 15. At day-break the house was full again, their teacher read to them of the Saviour at Samaria's well and his work of mercy there. At nine o'clock his schools opened; he says, "to my surprise, but it was a pleasant surprise, I was so happy as to see ninety boys and fifty girls. I was at a loss how to begin with so many. They had never seen a book, and having such a large number at once, I knew not what to do. However, I selected twelve of the most promising-looking boys and taught them the first four letters, according to Bell's System; when they knew these, I divided the

whole into twelve classes, and made one teach each class. When they had taught their respective classes I taught these boys four other letters, till they had surmounted the whole Alphabet." At six o'clock in the evening, he opened his schools for adults, when thirty-one men, and twelve women attended. At eight o'clock, the hour for evening prayer, the number increased. The missionary read and explained to them the twelfth chapter of St. Luke, "How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." Then night again descended on the mountains and the valley, where the missionary had now fairly commenced his labour of love. Writing to Mr. Pratt, after giving an account of the beginning of his work, he continues, "Though people will say that the Africans are like a tornado, which comes all at once and is soon over, nevertheless the Lord Jesus is able to give them a desire to read his Holy Word, and if He give the desire it certainly will continue." He goes on to say,

"It rains here almost continually. I came before this house was repaired, and I was obliged to sleep on the ground fourteen nights covered with a blanket; sometimes the blanket was damp and wet in the morning, but blessed be God, I have not felt the least injury. The present house in which we are now, is a mud-house, but it is dry, and as soon as the church is finished, his excellency the Governor

has been pleased to grant that a house shall be built for me, before this present one is broken down."

The Missionary's labours soon became so great that he had scarcely an hour to himself from one Sunday to another. A captured slave-ship arrived in the harbour of Sierra Leone, and he had to receive a thousand of its suffering human cargo. So incessant were now the claims upon him, for his great family of two thousand five hundred negroes, that he says, "Sometimes I was on the point of giving up all, but the prospect of bringing them to a crucified Jesus enabled me to endure." Scholars, both children and adults, increased continually; and so did the numbers who attended the three Sabbath services, and the daily morning and evening prayers and exposition.

In the month of August a stone church capable of holding five hundred people was covered in, providing him at length with a building in which to assemble both children and people. He had the pleasure of seeing it quite full; and the poor negroes began to make a great improvement in industry, and an effort to clothe themselves in order to come neat to church. It must have been a beautiful sight to the Missionary's eyes, when at the dawn of day, and again before the sun went down, the church-bell sounded through the valley's length and breadth and up the lofty mountains' slopes, and the negroes answering its invitation came in their English clothing, hastening to the

house of prayer. Only a few months before, when he first stood among them, every heart around him was as a waste howling wilderness; now at least it could be said, there was a promise concerning "the life that now is."

But the Missionary looked onward to the life that "is to come;" and his eye as yet wandered anxiously and vainly over the black faces assembled before him, in hope to see one kindling gleam of heavenly love that might encourage him to think the soul within was won for Heaven. Sometimes, when the service was over, one and another would come to speak with him, then for a moment expectation brightened within him, but it proved to be only a request for a garment, or for the supply of some temporal necessity; the Missionary heard in sadness, then turned away to labour on, to hope against hope, and pray for faith and patience. No voice of experienced encouragement fell on his ear in his mountain-home, and it was difficult for him to search the Sacred Scriptures for himself alone, having continually to look therein for his people's instruction. But need he despond, because after he had "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," the poor African asked a garment for his body? Not if he had remembered that the first disciples, in whose hearts the words of the Lord were enshrined, turned from the most affecting service ever celebrated on earth,

to dispute among themselves on the desired possession of pre-eminence! Should we not have said of those disciples, in disappointment and despair—Alas! such spirits must be earthly and only earthly still! He who knew what was in man judged far otherwise; we may surely therefore take comfort, and not seldom hope that a sense of the soul's necessities may be gathering deep within the heart, when as yet the bodily wants alone find expression on the lips. "Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry"—and even now we reach its fulfilment.

In October of the same year, 1816, he writes in his journal: "One evening a shingle-maker, Joe Thompson, followed me out of church, and desired to speak to me. I was in some measure cast down, thinking he wished to speak to me for clothing. However, with astonishment, I found that he was in deep distress about the state of his soul. He said, that one evening, he had heard me ask the congregation, if any one had spent five minutes that day in prayer to Jesus, or in the past day, week, month, or ever? He was struck with it, and could not answer the question for himself. He had heard the present and future state of the wicked explained,—he could answer nothing, but that he was wicked; after that, all the sins which he had ever done before had entered into his mind. He had tried to pray, but he

could not, he would therefore ask me what he should do to save his soul.

"What I felt at that moment is inexpressible. I pointed him to a crucified Jesus, and tears ran down his cheeks. I was obliged to leave him, for I could scarcely contain myself. I went home and thanked God for having heard my prayers.

"The following week several more came in like manner to me, which removed all doubts and fears at once, and I had such an assurance that God had sent me to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the Gentiles, that there was no more room left for me to doubt.

"I went to Mr. Butscher at Leicester Mountain (another of the freed negro districts in Sierra Leone) and begged him to come and baptize them, which he did. Twenty-one adults, one boy, and three infants, captured negroes, were baptized. I examined them one by one, and I was astonished to hear in what manifold and wondrous ways God had revealed himself to these poor people. Several more came soon after, and in January the number amounted to forty-one communicants."

Of one individual of this number we cannot but give Mr. Johnson's detailed account.

"The doctor who attends the captured negroes and resides at this place, a man of colour, educated in England, and known by the name of Macaulay

Wilson, has lately attended Divine Service. I observed that he came almost every morning and paid me a visit, which he did not before; and he seemed very much cast down. Last Friday I went to Sierra Leone, in order to attend the examination of the schools before his excellency the Governor, when the doctor offered his company to go with me. While passing through the mountains he said that he wished to speak to me a few words. I desired that he would speak on; and he said that one Sunday afternoon I had spoken on these words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' Since that time he could find no rest; he had often come in the morning in order to acquaint me with it, but had been kept back: could I not give him some advice, for he had been notoriously wicked?" I replied, that I could give him no other advice than to come to Jesus; 'His blood cleanseth from all sin!' He has since attended family prayer (which was held morning and evening in the church), and has found comfort through that passage, 'Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' This circumstance may prove a blessing to the Bullom nation, as he is the son of King George of Yongroo, and is expected to be king after the death of his father, and has great influence over the

Bullom natives. 'Oh! magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.'"

The heads of one of Augustine Johnson's addresses on a Sunday, when the governor of the colony and some other gentlemen were present, will give at once an idea of the simplicity and clearness of his way of setting forth the truth of the Gospel.

The text was, 1 Cor. ii. 2: "Jesus Christ, and him crucified."—He enquired,

1. Who is Jesus Christ?
2. What has Jesus Christ done?
3. What is Jesus Christ doing now?
4. What is Jesus Christ going to do?

On Saturday evenings a private prayer-meeting was held, at which he had the unspeakable comfort of hearing some of his native converts lead the supplications of their countrymen, and, as he describes it, "wrestle with Jesus." To Mr. Pratt, writing of this evening prayer-meeting, he exclaims: "Believe me, dear sir, I have experienced moments here in this desert which I cannot express. Yes, moments when I forgot that I was still in the flesh! Though the climate is very unhealthy, perhaps the worst in the world, and who knows but I may have only a short time to stay here; nevertheless, I shall have to bless God throughout eternity for sending me here. . . . . I cannot help admiring the governor's anxiety to do good to the poor Africans. During

the rainy and unhealthy season, his excellency has visited us once, twice, and sometimes three times a week. His excellency was pleased to give an order to build a gallery in the church as soon as possible, in order to make more room. . . . . Our schools have been prosperous—144 boys, 20 girls, and 50 adults."

At the close of this year, 1816, Mr. Renner, the senior missionary in West Africa, paid a visit to Regent's Town ; writing to Mr. Pratt soon after, he says : "I spoke morning and evening in the church to a people that seemed to be devout indeed. Judging by appearance, these are they that take the kingdom of Heaven by violence. The temporal and spiritual work of our brother is no doubt great and laborious among these people ; but to Johnson all is easy and full of pleasure."

"The Hand of the Lord."

"I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, and the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together: that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it." —Isaiah xli. 19, 20.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE HAND OF THE LORD."

AFRICA had received the fulfilment of this promise—the cedar had been planted in her wilderness. The children of her land, in nature's ungrafted wildness, knew their life only as a space of time, more transient than their forest flowers, which, though they bloom and fade, yet does their root remain to shoot forth in fresh beauty; but the poor African died—he gave up the ghost, and where was he? None could answer; they had no hope of immortality, nor light beyond the grave. But the cedar had been planted in the midst of this African valley; there stood one of the sons of God, whose life was linked inseparably with the life of the Eternal by the Lord's unchangeable word, "Because I live, ye shall live also,"—one who could triumph over death, and confidently ask of the grave, "Where is thy victory?" But Augustine Johnson stood not in Africa's valley as the cedar alone—beautiful in its unfading

but solitary verdure. God had said, "I will plant in the wilderness the oil-tree," and such was he made of God to be to the perishing souls around him; he ministered to them the life-giving words by which their vessels were supplied, and their lamps kindled into a burning and a shining light, by which the grave was illumined as the portal of glory—as the chamber prepared for putting off "this corruptible" and "putting on incorruption," (1 Cor. xv.) "The hand of the Lord had done this." Busy in his London toil, the German mechanic thought not of Africa, nor of Africa's Redeemer; but the Lord, who said of Saul of Tarsus, "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my Name before the Gentiles," no less effectually arrested Augustine Johnson, and gave unto him the word of reconciliation, to testify unto the heathen the gospel of the grace of God.

Saturday evening became a time strongly marked at Regent's Town, by instances of deep conviction of sin and awakening of heart to God: and soon tidings reached the missionary that the holy men who sent him and his fellow-labourers forth, had been and still were devoting one hour of that evening in united supplication to God in behalf of Africa. By means so direct was the missionary encouraged and strengthened in looking up to God.

The doctor, son of the Bullom king, filled the office of clerk on Sunday; and continuing to grow

in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, he proved a great help in the work of the Lord. One evening the missionary was detained unexpectedly at a neighbouring station; at the fall of day two hundred of the negro people assembled as usual for "family prayer" in the church, but their teacher was not there; then the doctor came forward and took the teacher's place. Mrs. Johnson, who was present, says, that he gave a most affecting exhortation; persuading the people to give their whole hearts to Jesus Christ—so quickly did "the planting of the Lord" bud and blossom and breathe heavenly fragrance on its native air!

At this time, Tamba, one of the liberated slaves, was brought in repentance and prayer to his divine Redeemer's feet; he afterwards became so faithful a "fellow-labourer unto the kingdom of God" that it is most interesting to mark him as one of the first-fruits of that mountain valley, before the ministerial office invested the faithful schoolmaster.

At this time, also, one of the children from Mrs. Johnson's school was called away by death; 300 of the negro people followed the black girl to her grave, over which many tears were shed by them; for she was beloved of all who knew her, and the missionary could look Heavenward and rejoice in hope that his departed scholar was gathered to the skies.

It had now become evident to all that the schoolmaster of Regent's Town was called of God "to do the work of an Evangelist." Therefore the committee of the Church Missionary Society in England, expressed their desire that the ordained German missionaries should confer with Mr. Garnon, an English clergyman, then chaplain at Freetown, the capital of the colony: and, if it appeared expedient to them all, ordain Augustine Johnson as a Lutheran minister. These servants of God assuredly gathering that the Lord had called the schoolmaster of Regent's Town, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, he was ordained to the sacred office by his three German brethren, Renner, Butscher, and Wenzel, on the 31st of March, 1817, eleven months from the day of his landing on Africa's shore; while Mr. Pratt expressed, by letter, the joy of the Society at home in the success of his labours; and the hope they felt from such cheering evidence of the Lord's presence and favour, that a brighter day was dawning for Africa than she had yet seen. Many anxious questionings and sorrowful thoughts had oppressed the heart of the missionary as he looked on the responsibility he was about to enter upon: "but," he finally says, with that beautiful simplicity that adorned his christian life, "1 Cor. i. 25–29, removed all!"

On Easter Sunday, April 6, 1817, Augustine

Johnson first preached the gospel of Christ as an ordained pastor. It pleased God to pour out the Spirit of grace and supplication so powerfully upon the listening people, that many among them, unable to restrain the overwhelming sense of feelings so strangely new, wept and prayed aloud. This continued through the services of the day, and in the evening prevailed to so great an extent, that the newly-ordained pastor, quite unable to restrain his own or his people's feelings, was compelled to leave them in the church; he retired to the solitude of his home, but still his ear and his heart were penetrated with the cry of his weeping people. Blessed be God, it was not now the groan that but a short time before broke on the merciless ear of the man-stealer, from these children of captivity; no, it was a cry to the Father of mercies, who is rich unto all who call upon Him! Only a few months before, the Missionary's anxious eye had sought in vain for one tear of contrition, vainly had he listened for one sigh of repentance, and now he sees his people prostrate, arresting the prayers of their pastor by their own agonised supplications to Heaven. Well may it remind of the promise, "Prove me now herewith, if I will not open the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." These outward manifestations of feeling continued at times for long after; the Missionary

used every suitable method to restrain them, and the doorkeepers were ordered to convey at once from the church every one so overcome, in order to prevent interruption to the congregation. Africans—accustomed from their birth to express every feeling with vehement emotion, poor captured slaves whose every sense and every affection had been pierced, wounded and torn,—hearing from their pastor, on Easter-day, of the love "which passeth knowledge," of One who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification, can we wonder that the weight of a love so great overcame the negro—or that sometimes the mention only of the name of JESUS woke their hearts' response in "strong crying and tears?" May we not rather wonder that the declaration of Infinite love often falls so lightly on our ears, so coldly on our hearts, as if our ears could not be penetrated, our hearts could not be moved! Tears and lamentations were not the only proof given of awakened souls. So eager were these poor Africans to hear the Word of Life, the gospel of their salvation, that on Sundays when the church-bell sounded out its summons, it called to those already *come*, the church being filled an hour before the time of service! The bell was needless, but still it woke the mountain echoes, and filled the valley with the only sound, save that of prayer and praise, that broke the Sabbath stillness. The gallery built by the governor's order was finished,

and accommodated 200; but still there was not room; therefore a large addition to the church at the eastern end was now resolved upon. The schools were flourishing. By May 1817, six men and three women had learned to read the New Testament; their minister asked one of the men how he liked his new book? he replied, "I cannot thank the Lord Jesus Christ enough for this good Book, for I HAVE SEEN MYSELF IN IT."

On the 4th of May, Augustine Johnson, for the first time, administered the Holy Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ to above fifty of his people, all of whom only a year before were in heathen darkness—all of whom had received the knowledge of their Divine Redeemer through him—all of whom looked up to him as their father in Christ. What must he not have felt? Did he think upon the hour when first the divine promise sounded through the depths of his soul, "Call upon me, and I will answer thee?" Did he think upon the day when fellow-workmen in favoured England turned in scorn from his entreaties to them to come unto Christ? Or did he remember the night when, having resolved to give up his missionary appointment, judging himself incapable of it, the word of the Lord, in its "still small voice" of assurance, came to him in a dream, "My grace is sufficient for thee!" What the feelings of the Heaven-sent, Heaven-blessed missionary were, no

pen can tell; the God who sent him knew, and none beside. He tells us himself that it was a season accompanied by many tears, tears doubtless that spoke a language words could not utter. But the cup of heavenly blessing was mingled with the needful bitterness of trial; Mrs. Johnson had a dangerous illness; and several of his people went back for a time from their Christian profession, but only for a time; they all returned again; and the missionary adds, "it was a heavy trial for me, and I believe for all the communicants, but we have now to confess at large that this also has worked together for our good."

The missionary was not slow to call into exercise in the hearts of his converts the new-born principle of heavenly love; he knew that the secret of heavenly increase is heavenly exercise; he therefore proposed to his assembled people that they should institute among themselves a benefit society, to which each should subscribe a halfpenny a-week, for the relief of the sick among them. This was a proposal quite foreign to all African experience; but these poor negroes had drunk at the well-spring of heavenly love, and therefore they found its streams not strange or unnatural to their taste. One of their number rose, and taking up their minister's proposal said, "Dat be very good ting, broders. Suppose one be sick, all be sick! Suppose one be well, all be well!"

Surely he had learned of the same Divine Spirit who inspired 1 Cor. xii. 12–27! The benefit society was established, and it tended greatly to increase love and harmony among the people.

Evidence was not wanting that it was truly the *Holy Spirit's work* among these rescued slaves. Ignorant of the experience of all others, they gave expression in the simplest and most forcible language, to their varying sense of a newly-awakened consciousness. One who had lately been effectually called from the depths of sin, when asked by the missionary, "Well, how is your heart now?" replied, "Massa, my heart no live here now — my heart live there!" pointing to the skies. In the November of this year the missionary himself was ill for a short time, and a cloud through the week overshadowed his spirit; he was doubtful how far it would be possible for him to conduct the services of the Sabbath, and he exclaimed, "Oh that the light of His countenance would shine upon me, and that He would prepare me for the Sabbath-day!" On Saturday evening he met his people at the usual prayer-meeting, and the burdened spirit of the missionary found sympathy in the confessions of his people. John Sandy said, "Once me see light; but now me have no light, no peace; my bad heart brings me into all these troubles. I don't know what I must do. I can't tell if I am on the way to hell or heaven!" The missionary passed a suffering

night, comforted by the thought, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." At six o'clock on the Sabbath morning he held the early prayer-meeting; at ten o'clock the church was crowded for morning service; he preached on the words, "Faint, yet pursuing." Being greatly fatigued, he proposed that his people should have their afternoon prayer-meeting among themselves, which they did. Oh think upon the scene! Here in this mountain-valley, gathered from the waste howling wilderness of heathen hearts and heathen passions—here Africa's children knelt alone in supplication to Africa's God, Ethiopia stretched out her hands unto Him! Who can doubt that, mingled with personal and national petitions, were prayers for their father in Christ? And who can doubt that, as in answer to the Prophet's prayer, at the beginning of their supplication, the gracious word came forth? for their pastor tells us that that evening when preaching to his people, darkness fled away, and his heart did sing for joy.

Captain Welsh, of the brig Pyrennees, spent Sunday, November 23, at Regent's Town. When the bell rang the first time, the church was already full, and some were sitting outside on boards. The missionary and his visitor could not enter by either door; at length, with difficulty, they entered through the tower. The Missionary preached from John v. 6: "Wilt thou be made whole?" Captain Welsh said

afterwards, "I have seen to-day what I never saw before. What would not our friends in London give for such a sight!" Then turning to Augustine Johnson, he said; "God has blessed your labours beyond description. I have heard of your success, but I would not have believed that it was so great!"

At the evening prayer-meeting on Saturday, Nov. 29, the Missionary read to his people a letter from Mr. Pratt; and then four of the native communicants addressed the assembly in behalf of the Church Missionary Society. Wednesday evening in the following week, was fixed on for a general Church Missionary meeting. Their minister says that he had been much harassed with unbelief through the previous week, but all was removed that night! How could it be otherwise, when he saw the warm life-giving beams of the Sun of Righteousness, enkindling the hearts of his converts to the exercise of a love that embraced the world.

The appointed evening came. The Church was filled at seven o'clock. Previous to the missionary meeting, one was held for prayer, as was usual on that evening. Their minister then spoke on behalf of the heathen, after which no less than seventeen of the communicants addressed the meeting in their broken English. Who that two years before had seen these men, emaciated, fettered, degraded slaves, unloaded from the hold of the dreadful slave-ship, could

have imagined such a scene as that we now describe? Their free safe homes within this lovely mountain village; met within the hallowed precincts of a sanctuary dedicated to the Lord Jehovah, who has said "My House shall be called a House of prayer for all nations," there deliberating on how they might aid in emancipating a fallen sin-enslaved world! This is the Lord's doing and marvellous in our eyes. When the seventeen speakers had ended, and the eloquence of their broken English — music to listening angel ears — had died away upon the walls but sunk into the hearts of the assembled Africans — when this *speaking* was over, then came the *doing*. Often before, in all the two and twenty nations from which the dwellers in the mountain valley were gathered, had their assembled brethren stirred them up to deeds of blood, of crime, and base idolatry; but now the strife was only who should be most self-denying in mercy's blessed work; freely they felt they had received, and they would freely give. The speeches are all ended. Is it now the moment to rush forward with African impulse and give? These assembled here are, as yet, but children in the faith, and eagerness belongs to the childhood of every feeling! No! the stirring speeches are all ended, but Tamba now comes forward and exhorts his brethren to PRAYER; he charges "them to pray to God that it might please Him to send some of them to their

country people, to carry the good news of a Saviour to them!" Not of two years age in knowledge of the truth, and yet how heavenly wise! he arrests the eagerness of *giving* by a solemn final appeal, that on their minds may be impressed the thought of GOD—His sovereign pleasure and His sovereign power, the efficacy of *prayer* to Him; and then He places the *negro* above *money*,—"that it may please God to send some of us!" The poor slave, who had seen everything valued more than himself, had learned his true position in the world where the true God had placed him; and lastly—"to our country people," first and nearest in this world-wide interest. Must not this convince that there can be no school like Christ's, no teaching like His! Then Tamba added "I will give two shillings and sixpence;" the missionary reminded him that the subscription was to be monthly, he replied "I know, Sir! I will give it every month;" and several followed his example. By their own arrangement none gave less than twopence a month, to constitute each subscriber a member. One hundred and seven had their names put down as subscribers. Then came the negro children—in their happy freedom, with their offerings. One boy begged his minister to take two half-pence. "Where did you get money?" "Me got three coppers long time, me beg you, Massa, take two, and me keep one!" "As you have had them so long, you had better keep them still!" but he refused, and the two coppers

were given. So ended the first missionary meeting in Regent's Town; and their Pastor exclaims, "'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!' Oh what have I enjoyed this night! Oh what hath God wrought!"

The following day, December the fourth, many of the people wished to accompany their minister to an evening prayer-meeting to be held some miles distant at Leicester mountain, where all the missionaries in the Colony were to meet, to unite in prayer for the spread of the Gospel. At four o'clock they started, *three hundred and twenty-one* in number, to march through the mountains on foot with their pastor; Mrs. Johnson, who could not walk, rode on a horse behind. The evening proved one of heavenly refreshment; and as night drew on, they marched back through the mountain-paths; the men and boys in front, singing as they went that beautiful and appropriate hymn,

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able, He is willing,
Doubt no more."

The women and girls followed in another company, singing:—

"How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!"

Thus did the German mechanic tread the hills of Africa, beside the Lord's free men, rescued through his "labour of love" from the temporal and eternal captivity of sin and Satan. O blessed conquest! O happy conqueror! thy glory and crown of rejoicing will be thine for ever, death cannot rob thee, the grave cannot despoil thee, for thy work has the seal of immortality!

On Saturday the twelfth of December two other missionaries, Mr. Cotes and Mr. During, spent the day at Regent's Town, it being the Sunday in the month on which the Holy Communion was administered; the morning service passed in comfort; but in the afternoon one of the missionaries began to preach, when he was suddenly seized with the fever. Mr. Johnson had to finish the sermon, and then falling ill himself with the fever no less suddenly, he was obliged to tell the people that they must keep evening service by themselves. But the faithful Tamba was among them, and others like-minded, and the missionary could lay his burning head upon his pillow without a fear. The poison that lurked for the white man in African air, was not suffered to disable Augustine Johnson until he could say as St. Paul to his converts, "I myself am persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye are able to admonish one another." The Governor sent a medical man over on horseback, the severity of the attack was relieved, and the following Sunday

he stood up again among his people, and set before them in his preaching;—The Father's everlasting love, 1st, before Conversion, 2nd, after Conversion.

The next day we find the following entry in his journal. Dec. 15. "I heard that William Davis had taken up his Testament, and gone towards Cockle Bay, where many of his country people reside. I suppose that he has gone to speak to them of Jesus." This is all that is said, but how much is in it to arrest and rivet thought and feeling. There is something most beautiful in the simple narration of the fact—"Heard that Davis had taken his Testament and was gone." Here was the first "sounding out of the Word of the Lord" from this infant church. We seem in thought to trace the happy negro's steps through the mountain-passes, along the shore, while heavenly love glowed within, above, around him; and in his hand he held the wondrous record of that love, exceeding all that angels know, and into the blessed mysteries of which they long to look. We see the negro's wondering brethren gathering round him to look upon his Book, and hear him tell of what he had found therein. Such scenes must tempt angelic steps to press around and linger near, when they behold the tidings they brought with great joy to this earth, written by Almighty love on the hearts, and breathed from the lips, of those who, but some

brief time before, were Satan's hopeless slaves. Davis asked his people why they did not go to hear Mr. Cotes at Wilberforce (the nearest missionary station). Some replied, that they could not understand English, and could not, therefore, pray to God. Davis told them that God knew their hearts, their thoughts, and their language, and that he would hear their prayers in their own tongue! They said they never had heard that before; they thought prayer must be made in English; but now they would go to Wilberforce on Sunday, for all he had said to them was true. So on the following evening Davis returned to his pastor, and his mountain home.

Christmas-day arrived. This day had become a fearfully-marked one in Freetown, the capital,—a custom having been introduced of public amusements on that day, and intoxication had become general. But Regent's Town had learned a more blessed liberty, than that of sinning; through her mountain valley it was kept as a Sabbath to the Lord: not a single person was intoxicated, not a drum nor a gun was heard; they flocked to their church at half past ten o'clock; and at four o'clock in the afternoon four hundred of them walked with their pastor to attend the monthly missionary prayer-meeting at Leicester Mountain.

And now we might expect Augustine Johnson to close this year of grace and mercy with an Hallelujah,

instead of which we find a *lament;* he writes—"The work of mercy is still proceeding, but not without difficulty. I am again without any assistance. I have hitherto kept from making complaints; but I am now constrained to do so. My spiritual labours increase, for which I, unworthy, cannot be enough thankful. The people with whom I have to do are as *babes in Christ,* who stand in need of being nourished with the sincere milk of the Word, that they may grow thereby; but I cannot do this as I desire, since I have so many temporal affairs to look after. I should go to their respective habitations at least twice a week, and speak to them individually. I should watch continually over them. But this I cannot do. Sometimes I have not an hour to myself from Monday to Saturday, as I have to attend to brick-makers, masons, carpenters, store-keeping, cultivation, land-surveying, &c. &c. beside our schools, which contain 409 scholars."

Was he then unmindful of the goodness of the Lord? No, by no means, but truly he laboured in "the sweat of his brow," "in labours more abundant," and who can wonder if sometimes the weariness of earthly toil weighed down the spirit that else would have risen in heavenly thanksgiving. We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of man; Augustine Johnson leaves the Hallelujah for us, and breathes

forth a lament. Yet wherefore mourn, O faithful missionary? Was not the chief Apostle called at one time of his universal ministry to give week after week to tent-making, while on the Sabbath-day he reasoned in the Synagogue? Does he not exclaim, "These hands have ministered," not to "my necessities" alone, but also "*to them that were with me!*" God mingleth our cup more wisely than our erring judgment could hope to do! We are well assured that now, remembering all the way by which the Lord thy God led thee in the wilderness, thy heart is tuned to praise for every step that marked it. We are well assured that now, beholding the children that God hath given thee, more than conquerors through him that loved them,—with sin out of sight, sorrow forgotten, and weariness unknown,—surrounded by the spirits of the just made perfect, and rejoicing in the realised glory of the Lord, thy adoration rises high above all the faint accents of our earthly Hallelujahs!

The Quickening Spirit.

"Behold! he prayeth."—Acts ix. 11.

CHAPTER V.

THE QUICKENING SPIRIT.

When we think of the missionary of Regent's Town in his multiplied duties — minister, head-schoolmaster, steward, overseer, and store-keeper, the earthly centre and spring of all his people's progress, industry, and well being—we can only fall back on the promise, sure to every faithful servant of Israel's God, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be." The number of his years was the same that marked the most laborious ministry Earth ever witnessed—the ministry of Him who called Himself "the Son of Man;" who had not where to lay His sacred Head, and of whom it is said, "In the day-time He was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out, and abode in the Mount that is called the Mount of Olives; and all the people came early in the morning to Him in the temple, for to hear Him." Happy servant, who

seems, as near as sinful humanity could attain, to have followed in the steps of his Lord!

Jan. 6, he writes "This day is my birth-day. I am now thirty-one years of age. Oh how short appears my past life—how unequal have my days been! Who knows but this year will be my last? Lord, thy will be done; only prepare me, and enable me to be always ready—May I be faithful unto death! Should not this day be to me a day of praise and thanksgiving? but alas, alas! how cold, how indifferent about spiritual things; nothing can more meet my experience than that of the Apostle Paul, which he expresses in Rom. vii. 'When I would do good, evil is present with me. Oh wretched man that I am!'"

We find, not seldom, that those whose ministry on earth is most blessed, most honoured of God, least know their happy part! No doubt this is permitted, lest they should be "exalted above measure;" but it is not difficult to trace this appointment of divine wisdom and love working by natural causes. The bird always on the wing, crossing the waste of waters, cannot soar with the same spring as if at home upon its native tree, resting one hour and taking flight another. When the spirit's energy is consumed in work, it cannot pour forth itself in heavenly meditation and praise; its harp may hang upon the willows, while it toils by the waters of

Babylon; but not the less full will the melody be, when, at rest in its own "better country," it takes up that harp for an everlasting thanksgiving! There are also servants of the Lord who do all things with so vivid an energy, so vital a power, that the times of re-action from doing and speaking must often of ecessity be times of languor, till "this mortal has put on immortality." And there are those who walk so fully in the light of the Lord, that they gain a quickened perception of the evil of their own hearts and the darkness and suffering of this evil world; they must have, also, a joy unspeakable and full of glory, but such blessed moments it may be, are alone with Heaven, seldom written or spoken of; and when they turn earthward, we hear the lament. All these causes may be in operation at one period, or different periods of life and labour. And yet, notwithstanding all these, from the African wilderness we are often called to listen to "thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

Judea's shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks by night, heard a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men;" and sounds as sweet as angel-hymns roused the negro's faithful shepherd from his brief hours of rest. He says in his journal, "Jan. 15. Last night or rather this morning, I heard a man praying at

some distance. I got up and went into the piazza, but could only understand a few words. After he had concluded, I heard several join in singing:

> "To Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
> The God whom we adore;
> Be glory, as it was, is now,
> And shall be evermore."

And then a boy, as I judged by his voice, began to pray, whom I could understand very distinctly. His words were very blessed—"Lord Jesus! my heart bad too much. Me want to love you—me want to serve you—but my bad heart will not let me. O Lord Jesus, me can't make me good! Take away this bad heart! O Lord Jesus! give me a new heart! O Lord Jesus! me sin every day—pardon my sin! O Lord Jesus, let me sin no more!" Thus he continued for ten or twelve minutes. After him, another boy prayed, whom I could not understand; only I heard him make mention of the name of Jesus. Another verse was sung, and then a man concluded. The night was delightful; the moon shone very bright. I cannot express what I felt. I went to bed again, but could not sleep: starting every now and then, thinking I heard the same prayer again.

"This morning I enquired of the communicants, who lived that way in the woods, but I could not find who they were. Oh! may the Lord carry on the

work of grace, which I believe He has begun, among both young and old!"

When the evil spirits were cast out by the word of the Lord from the poor demoniac, "they besought the Lord much that he would not send them out of the country." It was a moment in which the curtain that veils the spirits of evil was withdrawn "for our admonition;" the same struggle to retain possession is, no doubt, carried on in every place where Jesus enters and wins the slave of Satan to Himself. Dislodged from the hearts of these praying negroes, the Spirit of Evil was sure to seek some other means by which to hinder the Redeemer's conquest; he is "the prince of this world," reigning by a usurped dominion, and "working in the children of disobedience;" therefore he is never at a loss to find agents to promote his malignant will; and therefore it is that opposition in some form or other, at some period or other, marks the progress of every heavenly effort. So constantly is this the case, that the Heaven-trained soldier of the cross gathers encouragement and comfort from opposing difficulties, and "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith," exclaims, "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ." In the same week in which the missionary's faith had been *strengthened* by the early orisons of his people, his faith was *tried* by the misconduct of the schoolmaster sent him by the go-

vernor. The missionary instantly dismissed the man from his post, and sent him back to Freetown, writing to inform the governor, who immediately sanctioned the step, and entirely removed his patronage from the offender. Then came the monthly missionary prayer-meeting again, at Leicester Mountain, to refresh the missionary's spirit; he attended it with his praying Africans, and returning home, he says, "the boys and girls made the woods and mountains echo with their hymns."

A sharp though short attack of fever seized him, followed by depression of spirits; but the confessions of his people in prayer to God, at the Saturday evening prayer-meeting, brought home to the missionary's soul the sympathy of Christian fellowship; and their devout attention on the Sabbath refreshed and animated him to hold on his way. Adversity and prosperity, joy and sorrow, did but unite him more closely with this people whom the Lord had given him. And he exclaims, "What a mercy it is that love and unity reign among these children of God, though they are of so many different nations!"

We pass on but three days further, and again we find the sweetness of encouragement blended with disappointment's wholesome bitter. One of the communicants, most forward in religious profession, resolved upon a marriage that his spiritual father

could not sanction; this opposition woke up all the evil of the unsubdued will. The faithful Tamba went to his erring brother to endeavour to bring him to a better mind, but all to no purpose; he expressed his resolution of going to the governor, and getting married in Freetown. But though the missionary's most sensitive spirit was crushed to the earth by this outbreak of evil and violent feeling, in one of the foremost in profession of his converts, and grieved at heart to think of the exposure that the man's meditated step would involve, and the triumph it would give to the numberless enemies of the faith of Christ in the colony, he could not be moved from his high sense of his spiritual obligation, as the spiritual guide of his people. While mourning under this trial, another followed. A quarrel had taken place in the house of two of his communicants, owing to the false representations of an evil-minded woman, who persuaded the husband that his wife spent the time of his absence in gossiping from house to house; the dispute came to violence, and the missionary exclaims, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night, because they have forsaken the law which the Lord set before them! May it please God to hold me up under this trial, and those who appear much distressed on this account. O Lord, turn this evil into good!" Thus did the missionary

mourn; while we may rather wonder that such instances were not multiplied; that they were not, proves, indeed, how great must have been the grace given, which could, in a time so short, subdue and sanctify the hearts and lives of these poor heathens, who had never learned one lesson of self-restraint till the schoolmaster of Regent's Town stood among them. It was his people's *sin* now that broke in upon the missionary's rest, and robbed him of his sleep; his eyes were fixed so constantly upon it that all became shadowed by its presence; he began to think all his converts might prove false professors one day, and his awakened fears added himself to the list, "May not I myself go one day or other! O Lord, I pray thee hold me up in this trying hour, and I shall be safe!" The days of darkness passed on, and the Sabbath came; then, compelled to take up the mighty sword of the Spirit, the tempter and the temptation gave way before it. He says, in his journal, "March 1. Sunday.—My subject was John vi. 37: 'All that the Father giveth me, shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' I administered the Lord's Supper to about eighty communicants. In the evening I addressed the people on Matt. xiv. 12: "*And went and told Jesus.*" I found this evening a little more peace of mind. Happy are the moments when we can go, like the disciples of John, and tell Jesus our distress,

and pour out our hearts into His bosom, who is well acquainted with our trials, and is '*a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*'" How touching a commentary is this history—how close a counterpart —to the declaration of St. Paul to his Thessalonian converts, "*For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord!*"

March 17. We find him at the peaceful work of bestowing an acre of garden-ground on the girls of Mrs. Johnson's school, which they received with loud acclamations. March 21. The journal records, "A bullock and a goat, belonging to Tamba, died to-day —being the greatest part of his property." I said to him, "Tamba, you have had a great loss to-day," he replied, "He that gave them took them away!" He appeared not at all sorrowful, but cheerful; even more than at other times, which very much struck me.

"March 27. I visited several of the female communicants. I will mention, in their own simple language, some of the expressions which I noted down. M. M. said, "Wicked things trouble me too much;—me want to do good, but me wicked heart can't let me. Suppose me pray, my heart run to my country, all about. Sometimes them things me no want to remember come into my heart, and then me can't say no more, but 'Jesus Christ have mercy upon me!' Sometimes you preach, Massa; me think

you only talk to *me*, me say in my heart, 'That me! me been do that thing.' Me fraid me no love Jesus Christ, yet me want to love and serve him too much, but me bad heart; me tink sometimes me have two hearts, one want do good, that other always want do bad. O Jesus! have mercy upon me poor sinner."

S. A. said, "My husband trouble me too much, Massa, he no pray, he no serve God; suppose me talk to him about God, he take whip and flog me, me have trouble too much, trouble too much! but the Lord Jesus Christ help me to take all trouble. But, Massa, sometimes me fraid He no love me, and me no love Him. Oh may He teach me for good! Suppose, Massa, you no come to this country, we sabba go fire, we lie, we thieve, we do all that is bad. I thank God for send you here, for teach us poor sinners!"

A young heathen man of wicked habits had been carried into the hospital ill, and the next day as the missionary was going out to visit his people, a messenger came to tell him that the poor young man had suddenly died; he hastened to the hospital, where he heard from the patients that the sick man had spent his time in prayer. Mr. Macaulay, the doctor, who had so early become a convert to the Lord, was both able and willing to administer to the sick under his care, the medicine of the soul—the Word of Life. Davis had been and visited the sick man in the morning; and Tamba went later in the day—he

waited in silence beside the sick man, who appeared to be in prayer, — prayer of which Tamba so well understood the value! While he was waiting, afraid to disturb him, the dying man lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Thank God — thank God!" and then expired. Thus had these poor negroes already become "sons of consolation!"

On Sunday, March 29, the Chief Justice of the colony, Captain Appleton, two American missionaries, several officers of the African corps, and other gentlemen of Freetown, came to Regent's Town to attend the morning service. The American missionaries were delighted, seeing so many black faces eager after the Word of God. One exclaimed, that nothing less than a miracle had been wrought at Regent's Town! but the pastor found not the same personal comfort as when alone with his poor negroes.

The Governor of the colony urged upon the missionary the baptising more of his people. Seeing the changed aspect of the place, seeing the crowded church — where more than a thousand black faces turned in eagerness to listen to the joyful sound of Heavenly love, he thought that such a people might be baptized by thousands, as on the day of Pentecost, when, he said, "the Apostles despised none." But Augustine Johnson called no man Master, save the Lord he served; he waited the evidence of faith in the hearts and lives of his people, and nothing could

move him from his constant course. Again and again the Governor urged his wish upon him; while Tamba, on the other hand, trembled when, as from time to time, numbers were added by baptism to the church, lest they should prove false professors; but like the rock amid the waves stood this missionary pastor, taught of God to "discern between the righteous and the wicked," neither persuasion, threats, nor fears could move him either way; he received every candidate for baptism, but still subjected them to the same course of instruction and probation, and then admitted them, or deferred their admission to the church, as they gave proof, or the contrary, of sincerity of heart. A beautiful instance meets us here of the sufficiency of the divine Word for the instruction of every one who sincerely walks in the spirit of obedience to it. The Governor, urging the missionary to baptize a larger number of the people, gave, as a reason, that the Apostles on the day of Pentecost baptized 3000 at once; the missionary instantly replied, "Yes, the Apostles baptized all those who were '*pricked in their heart,*' and I am ready to baptize all who come to me, giving evidence that they are really '*pricked in their heart.*'"

The missionary had been obliged to stop the school since the last Christmas, having no school-books; but as soon as the supply arrived he gave out its re-opening; he feared that some of the older

children would not be likely after so long a break, to return; but when the time arrived, he was so overwhelmed with scholars that he knew not what to do with them. But he had now trained one of his negro men to act as usher under him; and with his assistance he formed them into different classes. This negro, Noah, soon became invaluable to his pastor; faithful in heart, diligent in business, and fervent in spirit, with an intellectual superiority of mind, he became, like Urbane to St. Paul, "a helper in Christ."

Sunday, June 14, he writes in his journal, "Last night I was again attacked by the fever, which continued almost until this morning. Felt very weak and exhausted, and told the people to have divine service at half past ten o'clock by reading the prayers, as I thought it imprudent to attempt it myself, on account of my great weakness. When the bell rang, the church was crowded, which caused me to break my determination; though weak, yet I could not see a hungry flock going away without being fed. I went, I hope in the strength of the Lord, and preached. When I had finished, I was constrained to tell the people that I would preach again in the evening, which I did, and found myself much refreshed and not fatigued. Thus the Lord makes his strength perfect in our weakness, both temporal and spiritual.'"

June 20, we find Augustine Johnson by the

dying bed of a missionary's wife, comforting her troubled heart with the assurance of her Lord's unchangeable love, repeating text after text as her fainting life could bear it, till "she expressed joy and comfort through Jesus." Soon after, she became speechless and senseless, and on the Sabbath morning departed.

July 6, he writes in his journal, "It appears to me that the enemy stirred up all his followers to tempt me; when I thought I had conquered a mighty one, a much stronger appeared; but blessed be the Lord Jesus who causes me always to triumph, and gives me the victory every day."

"On Sunday, I married James Bell, a mason, to Hannah Cammel, usher in the girls' and women's schools — both communicants, and the finest black couple that I have yet married. Their dress was like that of Europeans."

July 9, we find the native doctor bringing home conviction to the heart of an offending communicant who had quarrelled with his wife — thus healing the spiritual as well as the bodily hurts of the daughter of his people!

July 12. The missionary writes. "Sunday. The rain came down the most part of the day in torrents; and we consequently expected but few hearers. Before, however, I had read the exhortation, we had the pleasure of seeing the church full.

I could not help feeling for the females, who were all neatly dressed, but wet through. In the afternoon and evening, we had the church nearly full again. All praise to that Redeemer who indeed continues to do great things for us. May Africa soon stretch forth her hands to God in every town and village! Blessed be His holy Name, the promise is already fulfilling. What a happy period is that in which we live! What do not our ears hear and our eyes see! Have not many prophets and righteous men desired to see the things we see and have not seen them, and to hear those things which we hear and have not heard them?"

During the last days of July, and the first days of August, the Pastor of Regent's Town was absent from his people, tending the dying beds of some of the devoted missionaries, and committing their bodies to the grave, in the land for which they yielded up their lives. One of these was Mr. Garnon, an English clergyman and the excellent chaplain of Freetown. They fell in the breach, but the shout of victory rose up to Heaven even then above their sleeping dust: and louder and louder will it swell from the land for which their sun went down at noon-day, till the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall call them from their graves, to see the good of God's chosen, to rejoice in the gladness of His nation, and

to glory with His inheritance—gathered from west to east, and north to south, of Africa's vast continent.

On the Saturday, August 1. Augustine Johnson returned, accompanied by the Governor, to Regent's Town; but when his people found that by the Governor's desire he was to go back again to Freetown for the next Sabbath morning to preach there, the village was in an uproar; he assured them that he would be with them by the afternoon of the Sabbath-day, administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and preach to them; but this would not satisfy them; they said, Mr. Garnon was dead, and they were afraid he would leave them for Freetown! Several went to meet the Governor, to tell him that their minister should not go; and a note was written, perhaps the first attempted in Regent's Town.

"Mr. Johnson,—If you go we will all follow you."

But the faithful pastor returned to his people. He says, as he entered Regent's Town, on the Sabbath afternoon, it seemed to him like another world, compared with Freetown which he had just left; as he drew near the doctor's house he saw it crowded with people, and the melody of their voices, singing one of the songs of Zion, was borne on the air to meet him.

August 5. The missionary writes in his journal, "This morning at family-prayer I pleaded the cause

of a poor woman who had lost her husband, and is left destitute of everything. Those who had money with them gave it, others went home and brought it, and I was very happy to have soon 1*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.*, in my possession for this poor woman."

Among the candidates for baptism this month were nine of the school-girls; one only eleven years of age, who gave such clear evidences of knowledge and love of her Saviour, that all who heard her were astonished. Her minister says, "She will go like an aged Christian to visit the sick; and she shews great attention to me and my wife."

"Sept. 2. I went to Freetown and had a final meeting with Mrs. Garnon, who sailed for England at six o'clock. I found it hard to part with one whose Christian affection and sympathy in trials past, have been as oil of consolation to my soul. May the God of Jacob be with her! Never will she be forgotten by me, nor by my people, who made it a rule to pray for her regularly.

"Sept. 6. Sunday. Being a fine day, we were completely crowded, as on fine days we have generally strangers from other towns. The vestry, the stairs of the gallery, the tower, and the windows were all full. Some of the seats which were filled in the passages, broke down, being overburdened. When I entered the church, and saw the multitudes, I could hardly refrain myself, for my heart was full. After

evening service, I was told that the boys wished to speak to me; one boy stepped forward, and said that they had been in the field to pray, and that they did not know how; but they had heard that Jesus prayed for them, and they wished to know if it were really so. I spoke to them on the office of our High Priest; they went away with joy into the field again.

"Being a moonlight night and very still, the mountains echoed with the songs of hymns. The girls were in one part of the field, praying and singing alternately. The boys had got upon a high rock with a light, one gave out a hymn, and at the conclusion one engaged in prayer. Many of the people got up and joined these infant congregations.

"When the bell rang for family prayer this morning, it rained very hard, and the wind blowing like a tornado, I did not expect many people; but when I looked out of the window I saw the streets and roads covered with them, and when I went into the church I found it as full as on Sunday.

"All the people seemed to me different this morning; their common conversations are all about religion. I rejoice with trembling.

"Sept. 8. Last night we had the missionary prayer-meeting, contributions were paid with cheerfulness. We have now about £28.

"Sept. 9. Last evening after school, the boys and girls went to the church. When they had begun to

sing, Mrs. Johnson and myself went and stood behind the window. George, the tailor boy, was the first who engaged in prayer. His principal petition was for a spirit of prayer. He repeated several times the following words, "O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake forgive us our sins; and for his sake send down thine Holy Spirit to teach us how to pray." A school-boy then gave out the hymn,

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched."

After which he engaged in prayer. He spoke rather low, and as the wind blew much we could not well hear it. Another boy gave out,

"Blessings for ever on the Lamb."

After which a little boy, about ten years old, prayed very sweetly, which brought tears into my eyes. His whole soul seemed to be engaged. He spoke very loud and distinct. One part of his prayer came with power to my heart, "O Lord! we been so long on the way to hell, and we no been saved; we been hear your good word so long, and we no been consider. Oh learn us how to follow you now! We live nigh hell. O Lord Jesus save us; take us away from hell fire. We want you to do it now—now we want you to save us. O Lord Jesus, hear us now, this night! Our sins too much—oh save us—save us!"

I could stay no longer but went home, my heart was full. I was drowned in tears. Oh my God and Saviour, what hast thou done? What shall I render unto Thee?

"Sept. 12. This evening met as usual in the church for prayer. A few of the candidates for baptism expressed much joy, viewing what great things the Lord had done for them, in bringing them away from their own country; they praised God for being sold as slaves.

"Sept. 16. I went last night and sat under a staircase, where I was not perceived, and heard with great delight the simple and sweet expressions the boys made use of in prayer. Nothing but divine grace could teach them thus to pray. The last who prayed fell into a flood of tears, so that he could scarcely utter a word. The whole assembly of children repeated the Lord's prayer, in a most solemn manner, while he wept aloud.

"Sept. 17. This morning, one of the elder carpenter boys came to me in great distress of mind. I encouraged him to go, with all his sins, to the Saviour of sinners. He went home, I trust, in peace. This young man had been my greatest enemy; he had opposed, in every way, the word of God; filling up the measure of sin with greediness.

"Sept. 24. Went to Freetown to-day, but felt

less confortable than I had formerly done. Mr. and Mrs. Garnon were gone! the town appeared different to me.

"Sept. 27. Another very wet Sunday, but blessed be God who always fills His house of prayer here—whether it rains or whether it be fair, we are always crowded.

"Sept. 28. The church was crowded at family prayer morning and evening. The eagerness to hear the Word of God seems still to increase. Seventeen more were received to be baptized next Christmas-day.

"Oct. 6. Last night we had the Missionary prayer-meeting as usual. After service, contributions were paid. This morning at family-prayer some paid for next month. I asked one man why? He replied, "I may be sick next month, and not able to pay, so I pay now to make sure of it." Many women came and paid a penny or a halfpenny for their infants, besides their own contributions."

Must we not exclaim with the prophet Isaiah, in his vision of Ishmael's future acceptance, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"

"Lengthen thy Cords."

"Enlarged by you according to our rule abundantly, to preach the Gospel in the regions beyond you."—2 Cor. x. 15, 16.

CHAPTER VI.

"LENGTHEN THY CORDS."

In October of this year, 1818, we find our missionary surveying the mountains, for the purpose of making if possible, a more direct road to Freetown. Ascending and descending the mountain-cliffs, with a compass to guide his steps, and one of his people to accompany him, we look upon him invested with fresh interest — employing the natural powers God had given him for the temporal benefit of his people. But even while he did so, his heart was intent upon the souls committed to his charge, and his compass guided him to some lonely huts in a mountain-forest, where several poor Bassa people had retired from Regent's Town, hiding themselves in this solitude because their old superstitions were dear to them.

They were greatly surprised at the sudden appearance of their Regent's Town pastor; he talked with them, and their leader at length replied, "All what you say, massa, that be true, *because Davis, my countryman, told me the same.* I beg your pardon, massa: soon, soon when rain done, I will come with all the people, and take lots, and sit down and serve

God." He then offered himself as the missionary's guide, which offer was accepted.

Here we meet the first happy result of native teaching from Regent's Town. The feet of the itinerant Davis had trod the path before, he had borne his testimony to his wandering countrymen, and they own the white man's word to be true, *because* one of their own land has told them the same; and they promise to come, and serve God.

While taking this survey of the mountain-passes, standing on a high rock, the missionary could see the greatest part of Regent's Town: it lay outspread in its peaceful loveliness before him; and as his eye wandered from one summit to another of its encircling hills, must not the song of Israel's psalmist have risen from his heart, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever!" He looked upon his home among the hills, the church beside it, —which morning and evening proved the favoured meeting-place between a praying people and their God,—the schoolhouses within the same enclosure, where young hearts were trained for Heaven and taught the knowledge of God; and all around on the hills' sloping sides, the cultivated soil rich with cocoas, cassadas, plantains, bananas, and coffee; then the dwellings of the negroes, each with its own small enclosure and its fence around; the pasture where

their cattle fed at large, and which no foeman's foot drew near, to seize the prey; and the broad flowing brook, filled with the waters of the mountain-streams. Long, surely, must the eye that could behold a sight so earthly and so heavenly fair, have lingered there! As the missionary gazed, he thought, "Ah, is not the promise fulfilled? Isaiah xli. 18-20." Two years ago, this was a desert overgrown with bush, and inhabited by wild men and beasts, and now, in both a spiritual and a temporal sense, "it is a fruitful field!" "May the Holy One of Israel, whose hand hath done this, have all the praise and glory!"

The next day after evening prayer, a woman, a communicant, desired to speak with her pastor; he had been compelled to fix upon one evening as an appointed time for religious conference, and therefore told her to come on the following Monday. But she said she could not wait, so he turned to listen to her words. She had been brought to know and love her Saviour a year before, and though living on a farm three quarters of a mile distant from the church, she had constantly attended Divine Service on Sundays, and family prayers in the church, morning and evening, even in the heaviest rains. She was the only convert from about fifty of her country people residing at the same spot: she had borne and had suffered for her Saviour's name's sake, persecuted by her country-people, and cruelly treated by her husband;

she had sown for one long year in tears, and now she began to reap in joy:—she had come to tell that her husband had begun to attend Divine service with her; he used her kindly, and wished to change his distant farm for a lot in the town, to live near the church, and hear the Word of God. And that evening four of her countrywomen were with her, waiting to see her Pastor; the missionary spoke to them separately, and in each there appeared to be an awakening of heart to God through the example and the words of this Christian negro! The missionary adds, "Well might this poor woman be too impatient to wait till Monday—her joy was too great to be restrained till that day." She had laboured and had not fainted, and now she brought in her sheaves with rejoicing. Thus from each bright centre in Regent's Town did the Heavenly Truth radiate out into a widening circle.

"Nov. 23. A woman of the fierce Eboe tribe came, so much distressed in mind, that she could scarcely speak; she said, "Me pray to God the Holy Ghost to take me to Jesus Christ—to take me to the Father." This expression astonished the missionary, as well it might; he questioned her, but her feelings were too strong for the limited utterance of her broken English—the tide of thought overflowed the narrow banks of her scanty words, so the missionary says, "I advised her to go to Tamba, of whom all

seem to be very fond, and tell him her heart, and he would tell me again."

Two years Augustine Johnson had laboured in the mountain valley, and though to us the time may appear but a 'little moment' for so great a work, yet we remember the work was not of man but of God—and with the Lord 'one day is as a thousand years;' and now their blessed Evangelist could stand in the midst of them, joying, and beholding their order, and the stedfastness of their faith in Christ. But the heavenly sunbeam that lights up the Christian's pilgrim way is oftentimes sheathed in a cloud; the yet imperfect spirits of the just appear to need on earth the balancing of mingled feelings—some gilded by the light of heaven, some darkened with earth's heavy shadow—that while they increase their joy in the Lord, faith also may have its necessary occasions of exercise, hope be cultivated while waiting for that which is not seen, and patience have its perfect work. It might seem impossible now for the missionary of Regent's Town to mourn; but his missionary spirit finds the occasion. True he has planted precious seed, and it has sprung up and is bearing fruit to life eternal; but he looks upon the one small field, and thinks how all around it lies outspread the heathen wilderness—which the step of the sower yet pressed not, where no precious seed was scattered. He says; "I feel like a bird in a cage!" He had poured

forth his ministry of truth and love, till now, on the same spot, and he longed like a freed bird to take wing, and make the solitary place rejoice: if only to breathe his Saviour's name on air that never yet had vibrated beneath it, on hearts that never yet had known the joyful sound. He exclaims, "Ah! how far are our thoughts from those *beyond* the colony—just as if there were no other heathen in Africa! Oh, my God, revive the spirit of Missionary zeal among us. Oh that the Lord of the harvest would open more effectual ways for the conveyance of the glorious gospel into the interior of Africa! I have reason to be thankful; as the Lord has, through my weakness, established a church in this place. I have indeed reason to rejoice that my labours have not been in vain in the Lord. Yet I feel uncomfortable; my mind is wandering into the interior of Africa. Is this mere imagination? Why do these thoughts continually follow me, and why are many hours in the night spent without rest? Lord, hast thou designed me to proceed from hence into other parts of Africa? Here am I, send me. And yet I see no way open; but with Thee nothing is impossible." Then, immediately, he turns homeward again to express the joy he had had in "many sweet conversations" with his people that evening.

On the evening of December the 7th, 1818, the first anniversary of the Regent's Town Church

Missionary meeting was held. Two hours before the time, the people assembled from every quarter; the church was crowded: and the cheerful givers—whom the Lord loveth—left as their offerings that evening £5. 10*s*. 8*d*.

December 22. Dorothy Noah, who had been ill three months, now said, that she had felt afraid to die, but that all fear was gone!—She knew herself to be the greatest sinner in the world, but Jesus had come to save such, and so she found comfort. She was frequently refreshed in her sleep, thinking herself in Heaven: and often sorrowing, when she woke, that she was still on earth.

On Christmas Day, the church was crowded, many outside who could find no room within. Forty-six adults, and one infant, were baptized. The mechanics had saved their meat, and receiving from their pastor a gift of more, also yams, cocoa, and cassada out of the field, they prepared a dinner; the carpenters set up tables and benches, and the rest made ready the food. About 800 sat down to dinner before the missionary's house. Noah asked a blessing, which the whole repeated. Thanks were returned in the same manner. The missionary, when he saw so many, feared that they had not food enough; but when he enquired afterwards, they answered, "Yes, we have had plenty." Tamba gathered up the fragments, and there were eight pots full.

On the 4th of January, 1819, the schools at Regent's Town were examined before the Governor and many of the principal persons of the colony. The Governor was delighted with their progress, and said that were he to tell the people in England, he doubted whether they would believe him!

It was in the month of November that Augustine Johnson, in his journal, had poured forth his missionary longings. In December he suffered from a short but severe attack of illness: and before he recovered, Mrs. Johnson was supposed to be dying. So little hope was entertained of her life, that he was called from his own sick bed to take leave of her: he had strength to offer up a prayer, in which the doctor and some of Mrs. Johnson's school-girls joined, and then the increase of his own illness obliged him to retire—yet he was enabled to exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" He says, he had often feared that such a separation as this he would not be able to bear! But he adds, "the Lord is faithful, a present help in time of trouble. Clear views of an interest in the blood and righteousness of Jesus, and of the joys beyond the grave, make death a messenger of good tidings!" When he wrote this record of heavenly support, the object of his earthly affections was recovering.

This solemn season at the gate of death was calculated to dispel all feeling that was mere "imagi-

nation," and to lead to the truest estimate of relative claims; testing every thought in the light of that eternity then so vividly realized. Yet the missionary's heart still wandered into Africa's interior, and he longed to take a lighted candle from Regent's Town, and penetrate into the darkness. He had not, like apostles of old, "the gift of tongues," but God had supplied this want in another way — he had the faithful Tamba, who knew the dialects of the heathen tribes that dwelt around the colony.

January 12. Mr. Cates came to Regent's-Town, to accompany his brother missionary, by the appointment of the Society at home; and Tamba went with them, "to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ" to his African countrymen. At their departure from Regent's Town many of the inhabitants surrounded them, shaking hands with their minister with many tears. A report circulating among them that he would not return, it was with the greatest difficulty, and only after repeated assurances, that they were persuaded to leave him.

The missionary party pursued their way, day by day, along the shore, one while treading the firm sand beach, then wading or swimming through creeks, watching the sharks in the shallows, and tracing the steps of alligators on the mud; the barren rocks on one side clothed with the wild convolvuluses and other running flowers spread over their

hardy faces, while the other side was exposed to all the fury of the Atlantic waves; crossing an interposing bay in a native canoe, and winding up a river's course, overgrown with mangrove trees to the water's edge, forming a forest on either side. At every little town they lingered, spoke to the native headman, and gathered the people, while Tamba consecrated one native dialect after another by declaring in them, for the first time, the wonderful works of God.

At one place, Wilberforce—before they left the colony—where the gospel had been preached, but only in English, Tamba addressed the people in their native Cosso language, from the words, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The Cosso people were astonished to hear the words of eternal life in their own tongue, and one little girl seemed scarcely able to believe the sounds—turning alternately to the speaker and then to her parents, as if in doubt whether others could hear as she did! But as they wandered on, the joyful sound fell on hearts as yet less prepared to receive the good seed of the kingdom;—the feeling of these poor heathens too often seemed to be that of the learned Greeks of old, "Thou bringest *strange* things to our ears;" yet none could tell but that some winged seed might be lodged, in after-days to germinate and grow in the heart where it had fallen. Their way brought

nothing beyond expected difficulties and toil, until one day, when it became necessary to wade mile after mile through mud, sometimes for half a mile together so deep as to be only passed with unshod feet, under the mangroves by the river's side, they reached at last the expected town, hungry, weak, and tired, reckoning on rest and food for their bodily need, and on imparting food to the souls of the people; no welcome, however, awaited the weary travellers. They found no one in the town except an aged woman and some children; had it been a solitary traveller, the African woman would probably have felt pity for him, but a company of men was not unlikely to awaken a hostile suspicion; she would give them nothing and wanted nothing from them. They wandered on a mile further, and then their guide forsook them; they went backwards and forwards, vainly endeavouring to find a road through the woods, but darkness surrounded them, and they could only turn back their tired steps to one of the inhospitable farms they had passed on their way. They had travelled nearly thirty miles, the greatest part of the way on foot, without anything to eat; they found a shed with a fire and an iron pot; so heating some water, they mixed with it the last port wine that they had, and drank it from an old broken bowl, and then lay down and slept till day began to break. Elephants and leopards had their

dwelling-place around, the wild animals of the wood howled them to sleep, and the heavy night-dew fell upon them; yet they laid them down in peace, and took their rest, for Thou, Lord, madest them to dwell in safety! Perhaps they thought of Him who sat on Samaria's Well, weary and thirsty, and blessed the God of all grace who gave them in measure to breathe their Heavenly Master's Spirit, and find it their meat to do the will of Him that sent them.

The next day they found their way more readily, crossing some streams, one of which flowed from Regent's Town. Still preaching as they went, they had the comfort of finding that the way would be open for bearing the message of the Gospel whenever a standard-bearer could be found. They proved also the efficiency of Tamba for the work of an Evangelist, and determined, with the consent of the Committee in England, to endeavour to prepare both Tamba and Davis as native teachers of their distant countrymen.

Jan. 18. The missionary company returned to Regent's Town, causing great joy; the people thronged around their pastor, who returned to his house in the midst of the rejoicing crowd. In seven days they had walked upwards of 120 miles, taking a complete circuit round the colony; making known the glad tidings of salvation as they went, and so preparing the way of the Lord.

Thanksgiving and the Voice of Melody.

"For what thanks can we render to God again for you, for all the joy wherewith we joy for your sakes before our God."—1 Thess. iii. 9.

CHAPTER VII.

THANKSGIVING AND THE VOICE OF MELODY.

THROUGHOUT the history of the Christian Church we trace the unquestionable fact, that the most expansive charity has the deepest well-spring at home; and ever as its streams are multiplied, the source from which they flow is deepened and enlarged. The same fact is within the limit of personal observation: those parishes which, under the steady, healthful principle of heavenly love, most actively supply the need of those "afar off," are themselves the most fruitful places of the Church at home. And the individual who, by the extension of his sympathies, acquires a nearer resemblance to Him whose name is Love, will, like every portion of the workmanship of God, bear the closest inspection in his faithful provision for every relative demand and social necessity. When we find it otherwise, we have reason to believe that the work of distant mercy was done in the energy of the natural mind, and not in "the love

of the Spirit;" or that the clay in the Heavenly Potter's hand, yielded not itself without reserve to the moulding influence of divine, exhaustless, infinite love. We turn to Regent's Town to find the happy realization of the heavenly certainty.

In the month of March of this same year, 1819, its pastor could write, "no fewer than fifty-two negroes have been added this last month to the Church of Christ. The number of communicants and candidates amounted to more than two hundred, whose conduct and conversation is such as becomes Christians. The school-girls are in general piously inclined. . . Many of the boys have become serious. . . On the whole, all the people seem to be hungering after the righteousness of Jesus; their conduct is changed; though there are some who still would rather hold fast their country fashions, but they see the prosperity of the righteous, which stops their mouths, and persuades them that there is something real and sound in Christianity.

"Our boys' school was burned down a few days ago. I was at a loss to conceive how to build another; but the boys being willing to build, and the girls offering to assist, we commenced the following day and have nearly finished it. The girls' house suffered much in the fire; and my house was in great danger, but the Lord heard our prayers in the moment of trouble; the wind was very boisterous

at the commencement of the fire, but a complete calm followed, so that the flames ascended perpendicularly, and all the people beheld with astonishment the hand of the Lord. Nearly one hundred boys were asleep in the roof, who all came down small ladders, so that not one was hurt."

In this same month he writes, "We have met almost every night to examine candidates; it is indeed wonderful to hear the dealings of the Lord with these people.—A man was sent here about two years ago, who had been on board a man of war for a long time; he has been indeed a trial to me, and to all my people—he protested against religion, and lived in sin with greediness. Some time ago, one Sunday afternoon, he was at Church. I felt no liberty at that time, and could not get on with my discourse; my own life recurred to my mind, and I was constrained to introduce my own tale. This proved to be the time of that man's conversion. The lion was turned into a lamb. He was examined last week, and received as a candidate for baptism; he was in England a long while, but was never baptized. Only the sovereign grace of God could do this!"

In March of this year, 1819, another missionary journey was made from Regent's Town. Tamba and Davis had long felt an earnest desire to tell their countrymen the glad tidings which had brought life and light and peace into their own hearts. Randle,

also the carpenter, was judged worthy to be their fellow-labourer. Mr. Cates, the devoted missionary who had been the previous journey, also went with them. Mr. Johnson, while he freely parted with these his helpers in the ministry, laboured more abundantly to supply the need their absence left. As they pursued their way, Tamba preached in the native tongues whenever an opportunity was found. The Sherbro king, through whose territory they passed, expressed a wish to see them again on their return. They met with some opposition from the disciples of Mahomet, who were numerous in the places they passed by. On one occasion Mr. Cates held a public argument with one of the Mahomedan priests, before a native king and thirty head-men; the poor man at last, quite defeated, packed up his Koran and ran from the assembly: which called forth a hearty laugh at the poor priest's expense.

But better sights than this cheered the missionaries' eyes. Tamba met many an old acquaintance, and as they looked upon him, new-born even to their apprehension, they exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!" Mr. Cates adds in his letter, "To the Lord I commit myself; he has already frustrated one attempt to plunder us, and He will, I trust, protect us all our journey through. Should it however be His will that we should perish in His service, we cannot fall under a better master." Thus did he

write to Regent's Town, whose minister says, the people offered up prayers for them "without ceasing." In ten weeks the itinerant missionaries travelled nine hundred miles; Mr. Johnson adds, "Blessed be God, not without success!" On April 12. they returned again in safety and peace to Regent's Town.

Early in April, Mr. and Mrs. Jesty passed a few days in the mountain-valley. They had arrived from England as missionaries, and until it was determined where they were to be stationed, they visited some of their missionary colleagues. Mrs. Jesty writes to her sister from Regent's Town, April 5, 1819.

"The power of the gospel, and the efficacy of the love of Christ have excited such joy within me, that I cannot resist giving you some information respecting it. This is our first visit to Brother Johnson's. I wish that I could find language sufficiently descriptive of the interesting scenes which we have witnessed here. Indeed, they must be seen before the facts will be credited. Had I heard the circumstances from the best authorities, I could not have conceived it possible that so glorious a progress could have been made in the work of our God, as we have beheld since we have been staying at Regent's Town.

"On Thursday, the first of April, Mr. Johnson sent five of his people to Freetown, to take me to

his house in a palankeen. While they waited, we heard singing; and on going to the door found that these five men had seated themselves under the piazza, and with united voices were singing a hymn to the glory and praise of the Redeemer. We did not disturb them, but retired to our room with feelings of peculiar pleasure. In the course of an hour I set off in the palankeen, borne by these liberated negroes. When we got to the top of Leicester Mountain, over which we had to pass in our way to Regent's Town, I requested my bearers to stop and rest themselves; and then took an opportunity of introducing religious conversation. I think I may say, that the few minutes during which we rested on the mountain, were the happiest that I had then ever experienced; because I had never before had an opportunity of seeing the glorious effects wrought by the gospel of Jesus on the hearts of our dear black brethren."

Mrs. Jesty then dwells on the scriptural language and godly simplicity with which the head-man of the company spoke, while his little audience listened with attentive anxiety. Mr. Johnson stated that most of this very party, who were of the wild Eboe nation, had about two years before, in carrying Mrs. Johnson to Freetown, set down the palankeen in the woods, in spite of all her remonstrances, while they settled their quarrels by a fierce battle.

Mr. Jesty gives a description of his entrance into Regent's Town, with its pastor as his companion;—he says,

"Just as we had reached the summit of the last mountain, between Freetown and Regent's Town, the latter place presented itself to our view. As I walked down the mountain, pleased with the enchanting scene, I was in an instant lost in 'wonder, love, and praise.' Music of the sweetest kind, and possessing charms which I had never before experienced, burst upon my ears. It was moonlight; and all the houses being lighted up, I enquired of Brother Johnson from whence this sound proceeded. He pointed to the church, which is situated at the side of a mountain, then opposite to us, on the other side of a brook that runs from the mountains between the church and the principal part of the town, over which Brother Johnson has caused his people to erect a strong, handsome stone bridge. The church is a fine stone building. It was now lighted up, and the people were assembled in it for evening prayer. The chain of mountains, that surrounds the town, resounded with the echo of the praises of the Saviour. I hastened, with all possible speed, down the mountain and up the other, to enter the church, where I found upwards of 500 black faces prostrate at the throne of grace. After the service was over, they came in such crowds to shake hands with us,

that we were obliged to give both hands at once. So rejoiced were they to see more labourers from 'white man's country,' that after we had entered Mr. Johnson's house, many, who from the pressure in the church were not able to speak to us, entered the parlour, and would not leave until they had manifested their love to us by their affectionate looks and humble salutations."

Of the Sabbath day, Mr. Jesty, after speaking of an early meeting in the church at six o'clock in the morning, continues:—At ten o'clock, I saw a sight which at once astonished and delighted me. The bell at the church rang for divine service; on which Mr. Johnson's well-regulated schools of boys and girls walked, two and two, to the church; the girls extremely neat, and dressed entirely in white—in striking contrast with their black arms and faces—the boys, equally clean, were dressed in white trowsers and scarlet jackets. The clothing of both boys and girls is supplied by government. The greatest attention is paid during the service. Indeed I witnessed a Christian congregation in a heathen land—a people fearing God and working righteousness. The tear of godly sorrow rolled down many a coloured cheek, and showed the contrition of a heart that felt its own vileness.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon there was again a very full attendance; so that scarce an in-

"One of the elder girls gave out the hymn."—P. 123.

dividual was to be seen throughout the town; so eager are they to hear the word, and to feed on that 'living bread that came down from Heaven.' The service was over about half-past four o'clock.

"At six we met again; and although many had to come from a considerable distance and up a tremendous hill, I did not perceive any decrease of number; or any weariness in their frequent attendance on the means of grace.

"We left the church about eight o'clock, and returned to Mr. Johnson's house, which is close by the church. While at supper I heard singing; and on walking into the piazza, found that about twenty of the school-girls were assembled under it. One of the elder girls gave out the hymn, in an impressive manner, while a younger girl held a lamp. After we had supped, the girls, in a very respectful and humble way, sent up to Mr. Johnson to know if he would allow them to come up stairs into his sitting-room, to sing a parting hymn. On their entering the room, Mr. Johnson gave out a hymn; and, in a few minutes, I think we had at least 120 boys and girls in the room and piazza. They sang three hymns; and after a few suitable words from Mr. Johnson, they departed, pleased with the favour granted them.

"Thus was the Sabbath spent at Regent's Town. Never did I pass such a day in my dear native

country. Never did I witness such a congregation in a professing Christian land, nor ever behold such apparent sincerity and brotherly love."

Of the monthly missionary meeting, held on the following evening, Mr. Jesty writes:—

"Mr. Johnson and myself entered the names of subscribers; and in one minute after we were ready to receive the money and names, we were surrounded by several hundreds of humble friends to missions, crying, as it were with one voice, 'Massa, take my money;' 'Massa, massa, take mine!'—'eight coppers one moon.' It was indeed a pleasing sight to behold a people once led captive at the will of Satan, now conquered by the love and power of Him who taketh 'away the sin of the world;' with cheerful and renewed hearts giving of their little substance to aid those means, which by the blessing of God will communicate the privileges of the gospel to their countrymen also. From these few poor, and once injured and despised Africans, we collected, that evening, about £2. 7*s*. Oh my countrymen! fellow-christians, in highly favoured England, you who have multiplied and daily-renewed comforts and blessings, *Go, and do likewise.*"

Of the close of this day, Monday, Mr. Jesty says:—

"After we left the church, the children of the two schools retired to their school-houses, and the

rest of the congregation to their respective homes. But that love which cometh from above and worketh love, has taken such possession of the hearts of this people, that they delight to be continually speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and to sing with grace in their hearts to the Lord. The school-houses are situated behind Mr. Johnson's house, on a higher part of the hill. The school-girls assembled in a row before their school-house, with three or four lamps dispersed through the line. Their eldest teacher gave out the hymn, and they were singing delightfully,

"How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!"

While the girls were singing this hymn, the boys had climbed a little higher up the hill, where one of their teachers gave out the hymn —

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched!"

It was a beautiful moonlight night, so that the children could be seen from all parts of the town, while the lofty mountains resounded with the echo of their voices. I was walking up and down in the piazza, listening to them, and anticipating the time when all kings shall fall down before the Redeemer, and all nations shall serve Him; when I saw, at the foot of the hill, some men and women coming toward

the children. The men joined the boys, and the women joined the girls. I was thinking of our friends in England, and said to Mr. Johnson, 'Could all the friends of missionary exertion but witness this scene, they would be more and more zealous for the universal diffusion of the gospel of a crucified Saviour.' When I looked round me, I saw numbers of the inhabitants, men and women, coming in every direction. They joined respectively the boys and girls, and sang for some time; when the boys and girls retired to their school-houses, and the men and women retired to their homes in peace. This is a great work, and it is marvellous in our eyes. But it is the Lord; and to Him be all the glory!

"We rose the next morning between five and six o'clock, and attended morning prayer in the church. After the service was over, a few more came forward, and begged us to take their coppers, to aid the cause of missions. We collected on this occasion upwards of fifteen shillings; which, with the collection made the evening before, amounted to more than three pounds. Mr. Johnson has a missionary meeting and sermon once a month, on which occasion he generally collects this sum. Do not these poor people hold forth a bright example to all Christians!

"I have now given you a faithful and imperfect picture of the state of Regent's Town. The Lord has certainly blest in a peculiar manner the labours

of Mr. Johnson. The people love him as their father; and reverence him as their spiritual guide. Should a dispute arise among any of them, they come to him to settle their palaver, and they abide by his decision."

Mrs. Jesty writes to her sister:—

"The love which these people manifest among themselves, and toward their minister and all faithful missionaries; their anxiety and the fervency of their prayers that the gospel may be made known throughout the nations—these things are worthy the admiration of all Christians. It may almost be said of the inhabitants of Regent's Town that they *dwell in love*, and that they live a life of prayer and praise to Him *who loved them and gave Himself for them;* for, beside their meetings for prayer every morning and evening, the hearts of many of them seem to be full of the love of Christ the whole day; and 'when they are merry they sing psalms;' such vocal music resounds from all parts of the town. A dispute is seldom known among them. They have every one of them cast off his greegree, and nearly all of them are become worshippers of the blessed Jesus. A few years since, none of the inhabitants of this place had ever heard the name of Jesus; they went about naked; and were in every respect like the savage tribes — but now, oh what a happy

change! they are all decently dressed; and it is the most heart-cheering sight to see them flock together in crowds to the House of prayer."

"O my dear sister, is not this encouraging to all Christian friends in England, to be doubly zealous and active in their missionary exertions? Let me intreat you all to be unwearied in your efforts and prayers, that all Africa may become as Regent's Town. This is the fruit of the gospel!"

From the church in the mountain-valley, gilded with the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, who had risen upon it with healing in His wings, we turn to that Church's pastor, the honoured instrument of this regenerating work; but over him we find the heavy clouds of anxiety and grief now resting! If we could take a closer view of many a "labour of love," we should often discover that while the *work* lay bright and beautiful to outward observation, the *worker* was in the deep shadow of sorrow and suffering. It is so, because "the servant is not greater than his lord." If the Son of God, as the author and finisher of His people's "eternal salvation," was made "perfect through suffering," those whom He deigns to send as His ministers, cannot wonder if they be called to drink of the cup of "the man of sorrows," and to be baptized with His baptism. The fact that they do drink of His cup,

is without doubt the reason why none can comfort like His mourners, none teach like those who best have learned affliction's lesson in His school; none shine so bright as those, who, like their Divine Master, have a lustre grief can only more irradiate in heavenly glory and beauty: While the blessed certainty remains that those who drink of the Saviour's cup, and of the Saviour's spirit now, shall, when that cup runneth over with joy unspeakable and full of glory, hear their Lord's invitation, "Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!" If it be sanctified trial that gives the finest point, the keenest edge to the instrument by which the heavenly Graver deigns to work—who but would learn to bid affliction welcome!

In March of this year, Augustine Johnson writes: "Great are, and have been my trials, which have been the cause of my neglecting to write my journal. But should I not have written down my trials every day, as I passed through the valley of darkness—might it not have refreshed my soul hereafter, when in similar circumstances? But ah, how can they be forgotten by me while they are engraven on my very heart? . . . Heavy, however, as my trials have been, they have been blessed abundantly. The discourses which I addressed to my people, while under these conflicts of mind, have been made the means of

great good. O my God, it has been good for me that I have been afflicted!"

His present overwhelming sorrow was the dangerous and most painful illness of his wife. Mrs. Johnson's work in the mission reminds us of a stream that winds its course between its deep and narrow banks, all unperceived, except that you see the fertility on either side; the grazing cattle come to drink, the wild bird dives down to it and dips its wing, then soars away rejoicing; and here and there the bright flowers lift their heads, whose roots are in its bed, marking its course; while over it the willow bends in constant faithful love. Of Mrs. Johnson, individually, we hear but little in Regent's Town, except the frequent expressions of her husband's anxious care and feeling; but we trace her work in her school — that company of bright and happy Christian girls, in the Christian deportment also of the young native convert women; and we know that her influence must have combined with Mr. Johnson's, in training and raising African feeling into the simple refinement pervading this community of liberated slaves; while the after-testimony of the negroes proves how strongly they had been attached to her.

The doctor urged Mrs. Johnson's immediate return to England; and also the great importance of her having an efficient nurse to attend her on the

voyage—but this, Africa could not furnish; therefore the united opinion of the assembled missionaries of the colony, and of the Governor, was, that Mr. Johnson should accompany her himself. This caused him great anxiety and distress of mind. "To leave my people," he says, "is a mountain insurmountable to reason, and to leave my wife is another. . . . I stated my case to my people, who were drowned in tears, but said I must go, and come back quick. Oh that the will of the Lord may be done; may all turn out to the furtherance of His gospel!"

There were reasons connected with the missionary work in Africa which rendered Mr. Johnson's visit to England important; this comforted his anxious mind, and, making the best provision he could, according to his own judgment, for his beloved people, he resolved upon the voyage. Mr. Cates, the companion of his itinerant missionary efforts, was one of those left in charge.

Easter Sunday, however, was not to be celebrated in the valley without the pastor. The church was filled at nine o'clock; 110 adults and six infants were baptized by him, and 253 negro converts received the Holy Communion of the body and blood of Christ. He exclaims, "This was indeed as a day of Pentecost in Africa!"

On Sunday, April the 18th, he preached his farewell sermon from 2 Cor. xiii. 11. "Finally,

brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

On the 22nd he was to set sail. Hundreds of men, women, and children accompanied him all through the five miles of difficult mountain-road to Freetown, taking leave of him on the shore with many tears and warm benedictions; and, pointing to the Atlantic waves, they said, "Massa, suppose no water live here, we go with you all the way, till no feet more!"

Affliction and Sorrow.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."—1 Cor. x. 13.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFFLICTION AND SORROW.

A TEDIOUS voyage of two months brought the African evangelist once more to England's shores; but he did not leave his high and sacred responsibilities in the land for which he received them, his missionary labours among the negroes were suspended, but not his unchanging commission as an 'ambassador for Christ." He could exclaim, "Thy vows are upon me, O God!" and therefore would he be "instant in season and out of season;" he would endure afflictions: he would make full proof of his ministry! He had turned from the tenderness of his heathen converts, to the hardness of those who had heard the truth to reject it; but his uncompromising fidelity, blended with the meekness of his Christian deportment, silenced even his enemies; and before the long passage was ended, he could speak of the kindness shown to him; he had also the unspeakable comfort of seeing Mrs. Johnson recovering

day by day; under these circumstances of mercy, on June the 28th, 1819, they landed at Portsmouth. In eight days' time we find him at Mr. Bickersteth's side, addressing a Church Missionary meeting "with peculiar effect." We read of St. Paul and St. Barnabas, that "being brought on their way by the Church, they passed through Phenice and Samaria, declaring the conversion of the Gentiles; and they caused great joy unto all the brethren;" the same refreshment was now granted to the faithful missionary's soul,—to look back in quiet retrospect upon the wonderful work his gracious Lord had deigned to accomplish by his instrumentality, and in temporary repose from the pressure of anxiety and toil, to testify to the church at home the grace of God to Africa. And truly it must have been an animating sight to see the "Well done, good and faithful servant!" written in the countenances of the honoured men who sent him out; and to read in the faces of those assembled before him at every meeting he addressed, the joy and thankfulness felt at the abundant increase God had given to their prayers and offerings.

After passing a few days in London, he hastened to his native land, leaving his wife to repose under the care of English skill and kindness. His mother's joy at seeing him was overwhelming; and one of his sisters was so deeply impressed by his heavenly con-

verse, that nothing could induce her to be again separated from him: she returned with him to England, and was accepted by the Church Missionary Committee as a schoolmistress for Africa. In the Society's Twentieth Report, Mr. Pratt remarks on Mr. Johnson's absence in Germany—"His visit seems to have been attended with a peculiar blessing to some of his nearest kindred, who had not been previously moved by his correspondence."

During Mr. Johnson's short stay in England he received many letters from his African people: the following are extracts from some of them:—

"I take this opportunity of writing these few lines unto you, my dear brother, and I hope God may preserve and keep you when you pass through the mighty deep! and by the will of God, I hope we may see one another again. I remember you day by day, and I ask you how you feel in your heart, my dear brother? I hope you may be well in the Lord Jesus Christ—you and Mrs. Johnson; and I pray unto God that He may keep you till you come to Africa again, that we may see one another. I thank Almighty God for His loving-kindness to me. I know the Lord is my Saviour and my God! I pray for all the good people who are in England, and the Secretary; I hope you may be well in Jesus,

and that you may send more missionaries to Africa, to preach the gospel to our poor countrymen. My master, please to send me one hymn-book. My wife ask you how you do, Mrs. Johnson?"

Another letter furnishes a beautiful evidence of the simplicity and truth of African teaching; giving also an affecting picture of "the sentence of death" under which the white man laboured for the black man's salvation.

"I staid at Charlotte Town when Mr. Taylor was sick, and I speak to the people the word of God. One time we meet together for missionary prayer-meeting; oh, that time many white people sick, and many of them die! And that time we lose one of our sisters, Mary Moddy, she was brought to bed and the child died; and herself caught cold, and I went to see her, and I asked her, 'How do you do?' She said, 'I fear too much.' I asked her, 'What you fear for?' and she said, 'I done sin,' and I said, 'Pray to the Lord Jesus Christ, He only can do you good.' And I prayed with her, and the next day I went again, and I say unto her, 'How do you feel in your heart?' and she said, 'Oh my heart too wicked;' and I said, 'Do you pray to Jesus Christ?' she said, 'Yes! to whom should I pray if I not pray to the Lord Jesus Christ?' And I talked with her a good while, and then I prayed with her: and went

away. The next day I went again, and she could hardly speak; I prayed with her, and stop with her, and by and bye she died.

"That time Mr. Cates sick, and Mr. Morgan sick, and poor Mr. Cates die. I think the journey to the Bassa country which he take, that too much for him, the land so long to walk, and the sun so hot. Yet I cannot prove that; but I think his work was done, and his time up. When he was sick I went to see him, 'How do you do, Mr. Cates?' and he said, 'I shall certainly die.' And by and bye he got down to Freetown, and he sick very much, all his strength gone; but he was a man of faith, and he die on Friday about five o'clock. And on Saturday we go to bury him, four o'clock, and we look upon him. And then we went to Mr. Jesty's house, and Mr. Jesty tell us, and say, he think God would leave this place, because white people die fast; and when I hear that, I fear too much, and I consider many things in my mind; and I think hypocrites live among us, and God want to punish us, but I trust again in the Lord, He knows His people, He never forsake them. Then Mr. Collier get sick, and Mr. Morgan get sick again; and our friend said, 'God soon leave this place,' and I said, 'I trust in the Lord Jesus Christ; He knows His people, and He never left them neither forsake them.' And next Sunday Mr. Collier die about eleven o'clock.

Then Mr. Morgan sick, Mrs. Morgan sick, Mr. Bull sick! Oh, that time all missionaries sick! We went to Freetown, Monday, bury Mr. Collier, and we come home again, and keep service in the Church; oh, that time trouble too much in my heart! Nobody to teach me, and I was sorry for my poor country-people. Mr. Cates died, Mr. Collier died, Mr. Morgan sick. Oh! what must I do for my countrymen? but I trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, He know what to do; and I went to pray, and I cry, 'O Lord, take not all the teachers away from us.'"

To this effusion from the negro's heart no comment can be needed. Their pastor was hastening all arrangements for return; he could say as the Apostle Paul to his Thessalonian converts, "We, brethren, being taken from you for a short time in presence, not in heart, endeavoured the more abundantly to see your face with great desire." Mrs. Johnson's health being much restored, in less than five months from his landing in England we find his arrangements completed for an immediate return; and on the 27th of December they set sail for Sierra Leone.

And now before the missionary lands again upon the country of his adoption, we turn to the valley in the mountains to discover in what state its returning pastor will find it. The way had been made plain

for that pastor's visit to England; in the faith of its being the Divine appointment, he had left his few sheep in the wilderness to the Chief Shepherd's care: he made the best earthly provision that his judgment could devise; and then, in the confidence of faith, he departed. Was that confidence disappointed? Certainly not, for "God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." But there is a long lesson folded up in one short declaration of Holy Scripture, fresh pages of which are constantly opened in the experience of the servants of the Lord—"*As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.*" When therefore the desire of them that fear the Lord is, to their apprehension, disappointed, we may be sure that it is only waiting its fulfilment in a *higher* purpose,—one exceeding abundant above all they had asked or thought; one, the immeasurable superiority of which they will themselves discern and appreciate, if not before, yet most certainly so soon as they themselves are high as the heavens above the earth! In the triumphant faith of this assurance, Job exclaimed, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!" Augustine Johnson thought to have left his converts, "as new-born babes," still to be nourished with "the sincere milk of the word;" he thought to have left them as "little children," still to be tended with all gentleness—"as a nurse

cherisheth her children;" and on his return he thought to find them walking "in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost." And it had been easy for the Lord of Hosts, the God of the spirits of all flesh, to set a man over the congregation, to go in and out before them, to lead them out and bring them in, that the congregation of the Lord might not be as sheep without a shepherd,—according to the prayer of Moses unto God for Israel, in answer to which Joshua was appointed over the twelve tribes. But the time was come when the church of Regent's Town was to "buy" of the Heavenly Refiner "gold tried in the fire;" and we can only exclaim, "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore, despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty, for He maketh sore and bindeth up; He woundeth, and His hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven, there shall no evil touch thee!"

Mr. Cates, who was one of those left in charge by Mr. Johnson, soon entered into his rest: he had traversed for many hundred miles the moral wilderness of Africa, he had seen her captivity to sin and Satan, sighed over her misery, and looked Heavenward for her relief. As Abraham, treading the promised land, with none inheritance therein, yet every footprint leaving an earnest that the seed of the faithful would one day dwell there—so did the

missionary tread the heathen land of Africa; or as the soldier nobly bears the banner of his king, and plants it on the opposing height, then falls and dies —so did the missionary breathe Jehovah's name far in the heathen's land, where hundreds of miles separated him from his comrades' ranks, and then returning, die! Mr. Bull, the missionary who attended him in his dying moments, writes, "Ever since his return from the journey of ten weeks with Tamba and Davis into the Bassa country, he has complained of sickness, and has endured excruciating pain. . . . It appears that until within a few days of his death, he had suffered much darkness of mind, and many harassing temptations; yet he was not confounded, but stayed himself on his God and Saviour, appropriating to himself as a member of Christ's impregnable Church, the prophet Zechariah's comfortable assurance respecting the final issue of his trials and conflicts,—"At evening time, it shall be light." Nor was he disappointed; a joyful confidence in his Redeemer succeeded this temporary cloud, and he was enabled to express himself most exultingly to those around him, while cheerfully submitting himself to his Heavenly Master's will." In this frame of mind he continued until the day preceding his departure, when he called Mr. Bull to him, and although under great physical exhaustion, he was still enabled to communicate to him in a few

words, his joyful sense of the presence and love of his Saviour. On Mr. Bull repeating the text—"All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come,"—"Yes," he replied, "if He will not take me Home to-day, I must wait till to-morrow, and my soul is all ready to depart!" This heavenly frame of mind was only interrupted by delirium, and on Friday evening, with a smile on his countenance, and seemingly in the act of prayer, his blessed spirit joined the innumerable company of the Church of the First-born, "whose names are written in Heaven." So he entered into rest! and had the absent pastor of Regent's Town known all that his return discovered to him, he might have exclaimed with St. Paul, "I have no man like-minded, who will naturally care for your state!" On the trials of the church at Regent's Town we need not here enlarge. We only gather from the details, that, through the indiscretion of one who took the pastor's place, her order was broken, her people were oppressed, her ranks were thinned, and, to the outward observer's eye, her light grew dim. It was the first hour of spiritual tribulation, and He who suffered the furnace to be heated, knew well what the faith of His children could bear. He knew the necessary exercise for that faith, and the right moment for administering relief.

Regent's Town was the largest of all the liberated negro settlements around the capital of the colony;

and it had become the brightest spot in Africa; God had given to her Church "the Morning Star," and the mild radiance heralded a day of Heavenly life and light for that vast continent, that lay as yet in darkness and the shadow of death. But now a cloud had covered the mountain valley, and all around beheld it. The governor of the colony, finding that Regent's Town was no longer what it had been, meditated the dispersion of some of its inhabitants into less populous parishes. A report of his intention reached the people, and occasioned to many among them the deepest distress they had yet experienced. The place of which it could be said, "This and that man was born in her," the home of all their best affections and brightest associations,—it seemed a second severing from a more than native land, and must involve, they knew, a separation from him to whom they felt that, under God, they owed their present happiness and hope of Heaven. He came not,—no one knew when he would come; everything seemed against them. But we have seen how the church at Regent's Town, even to her little children, had learned to breathe the breath of prayer. They knew their "hiding-place from the wind, and their covert from the tempest;" "they cried unto the Lord, and unto the Lord they made their supplication." Whole nights were spent by some of them in tears and prayer; but as yet no answer came,

the cloud grew only darker,—the next wave of trouble rose higher than all before it, and seemed only the denial of their prayers, the fulfilment of their fears.

Jan. 31. A letter arrived from the governor, desiring that all the people should remain in their houses the next day, as he intended to come and see them, and send some of them to other villages in the colony. Then Tamba said, "The Lord hath forsaken this town! But still he says, I went into my house to consider, and bowed down to pray, and said, "O Lord, hast Thou not said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver Thee, and thou shalt glorify Me!'" It is affectingly interesting to find the negro convert pleading in his hour of deep distress, in his own behalf and his peoples' and the Church of Christ, the promise that had proved the first quickening word to the soul of their spiritual father. How constantly are we taught the infinite nature of the Divine Word, in the fact that the grasp of generation after generation, wears not away nor weakens in the least degree the force of a single promise it contains; all its freshness remains undimmed, its measureless fulness undiminished. There, almost hopeless, yet in prayer, knelt Tamba, within his mountain-home; and even as he prayed, the gracious answer came, exceedingly abundant above all that he, most probably, then asked or

thought. No glorious angel flew swiftly to bear, in person, the answer of the Lord of Hosts to the supplicating negro, as did the angel Gabriel to the prophet Daniel; for since the Son of God deigned to array Himself in human nature, angelic beings perform their tasks of love unseen, and leave all visible ministry to the children of men. Angels, no doubt, beheld the prostrate negro, and drawing near in Heavenly sympathy, it might be that they ministered to him, although he knew it not, as once an angel was permitted to strengthen the negro's Lord. It is not possible to gaze upon that mourning church without an upward look to Heaven! The Lord of Heaven was surely there, walking with His children in the furnace — as once with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, though *faith* alone beheld Him now. It is a blessed fact in that infant church, that when hope was dead and expectation failed, prayer still lived on. And even while Tamba knelt upon the mountain side, Augustine Johnson must have stood upon the shore :—that day he landed! A negro saw him coming from the vessel, and ran off, winged with his joyful tidings, up the steep Leicester Mountain, along the toilsome path to Regent's Town; but the way was long, — five miles of rugged road. The sun descended in the evening sky, and the mountain shadows fell, and the bell rang for evening prayer. Oh what aching heavy hearts must have

entered the church's door! Before the next sun-set, how many among them might never more call Regent's Town their home!

The individual under whose management the present evils at Regent's Town had arisen, was no longer there; he had returned in ill health to England; another missionary, Mr. Wilhelm, had taken his place, and vainly endeavoured to the utmost to heal the breaches made. Mr. Wilhelm conducted the evening-prayers, and the service had but just concluded when a man entered the church, and to the astonishment of the assembly cried out, "All hear! all hear! Mr. Johnson come!" The whole congregation immediately rose; those that could not get out at the doors jumped out at the windows, and Mr. Wilhelm found himself alone! The now rejoicing people set off along the darkening road, numbers reaching Freetown that night, to welcome back their pastor, and others the next morning. Tamba exclaims, "How joyful, how glad was that night!" Immediately on his landing at Freetown the missionary had waited on the governor, who seeing him, appeared at once satisfied that all would be right, and only desired him to say that the governor sent him to Mr. Wilhelm and the people instead of coming himself. The dreaded day therefore "was turned unto them from sorrow to joy, and from mourning into a good day!"

Surely Augustine Johnson could say, as the chief apostle to his Galatian converts, "Ye received me as an angel of God!" The apostle adds "even as *Christ Jesus;*" and in contemplating the wonderful effect produced by Augustine Johnson's ministry, his extraordinary power in attracting, influencing, and regulating these recent converts from fierce and degrading heathenism, it is impossible to escape from the persuasion that a heart of more than common tenderness, a soul of enlarged compassion, inspired the life of the negro's pastor; he ruled by "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," and he proved that heavenly love, even in human hearts, has a subduing and constraining influence, beyond our power to estimate. In reading of his return to Regent's Town, we are reminded of his divine Master's descent from the mountain, when "all the people beholding Him, running to Him, saluted Him!" Three years before, when the missionary descended the mountain-side, and stood among his negroes, and laid down on the ground in his blanket to sleep, no voice of greeting welcomed him; only to those whom knowledge and love had gifted with a discerning vision, was his mission "beautiful;" but now, Africa herself exclaims, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; that saith, Thy God reigneth!"

We close this chapter with short extracts from letters relating to the events narrated in it. The object of this book being to testify of the grace of God, which "was exceeding abundant, with faith and love which is in Jesus Christ;" and not to enlarge on the errors and failings of one who was put in trust, before he knew how to "take care of the Church of God;"—we pass over the painful details of Mr. Johnson's first letters to the secretaries in England; they are written with Christian feeling, but they record a work which has no claim to be remembered in the annals of missionary labours! We therefore only give a few words from the letters—the restored pastor's testimony to his negro people:—

"Now, my dear sirs, farewell. Pray for us that the great Jehovah may keep and preserve us, although we have lost the favour of men, and have almost become a by-word. I can assure you that I was never more happy in my life than I am at present; and I am sure you will rejoice with me, when you hear that the infant church at Regent's Town has stood the furnace. And you will moreover rejoice, when I tell you, that three communicants have, during my absence, gone to glory; of which I shall give you a more particular account in my next.

"Mrs. Johnson is quite restored to health, a wonder to all the colonists."

The following extracts are from Tamba's letter to Mr. Pratt and Mr. Bickersteth:—

"... After that Mr. Morgan went away; Mr. —— never came to Regent's Town, except when Mr. Johnson send letter: then he came to Regent's Town to read the letter to us, and when he had done reading he always said—'Johnson cannot come back again, because he hears too much bad words from this place of you all.' When I hear this I fear; and when I remember the Church of Corinthians, I do not know what to do; but I said in my mind, *Oh that I could but only read the Bible, and I shall be glad!*" If I read the sixteenth chapter of Mark, 15th and 16th veses, I have a little comfort. But, O Lord, Thou knowest that I can do nothing of myself, but to Thee I look, and thou canst do what Thou wilt with us.

. . . . .

"The 5th chapter of Matthew, 9th verse, where God says, *Blessed are the peacemakers,* comforts us." Tamba gives an account of Mr. Johnson's return on January 31,—and then continues—February 2. In the morning the church was full; and Mr. Johnson said, after prayer, 'All the people come to-night; I have something to tell them;' and in the night the church was full, as much as it can hold. He read unto us the 4th chapter of the

Second of Kings, 26th verse, *Run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee?'* My heart was ready to say, 'It is well with me: not for my good deed: nor for any good desires, but by the will of Him in whom I trust.' Oh, that I might be enabled to keep the commandments of the Lord! Oh! may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all, Amen.

"Again when I remember my poor countrymen, I am sorry for them. I cry unto the Lord, and say, 'O Lord, teach me to read thy Word, and enable me to understand what I read; that I may tell them that they may look to God, and that He may save them from their sins, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"When I read the forty-fifth chapter of Genesis, the latter part of the 1st verse—*Joseph made himself known unto his brethren*—when I read this word, I say in my heart, 'Oh, that the Lord may enable me to go to my country-people, to carry the good tidings to them. Oh, may the Holy Spirit be with us all, Amen.

"Mr. Pratt, Mr. Bickersteth, how do you do? I hope that you are well, and remember me to all my brethren and sisters. I hope they are well in the Lord. I know that the Lord hears your prayers, and our prayers. Oh, may the grace of God be with us all, Amen.

"William Tamba."

The following letter was sent by Mr. Pratt and Mr. Bickersteth to Tamba, Davis, Noah, and Hughes.

London, April 7, 1820.

"DEAR FRIENDS,

"We have received your journals and letters, giving us an account of Mr. Johnson's arrival, and what took place during his absence from you.

"There are some things in them that give us joy, and some things that we are sorry for.

"It gave us great joy to hear of the arrival of Mr. Johnson among you, and to know how happy his return had made you; and again, it gave us joy to find that you were still in the way of the Lord, and had been kept by the power of God, through faith, under many trials.

"But we were grieved to hear of some of the trials you have gone through. You have been taught that we must, through tribulation, enter the kingdom of Heaven. We must wholly depend on our Lord Jesus Christ. He alone never leaves us, never forsakes or fails us; trust, therefore, entirely in Him.

. . . . .

"And then, dear friends, pray to God to make

you very meek, and humble, and teachable, and to make you submissive to your superiors. This is the Christian spirit, for it is like your Saviour, who washed even the feet of His disciples.

"May God bless you all, and make you a blessing to all your countrymen. May He ever help you to speak to them with power, faithfulness, and love, and make you perfect in every good work to do His will.

"But we must not forget to tell you another thing to which the Committee wish you should all attend. They are not only desirous that you should know the Word of God, but that your minds should be opened, and your views enlarged, by a knowledge of the world in which we live, and a history of the different nations of the earth, and of their present state. Mr. Johnson has got a large supply of books for this purpose; and the Committee expect that you will all give some hours every day to reading and studying those books which he puts into your hands. You should all also thoroughly understand the National system of education.

"This is all we have to say; may grace and peace be multiplied unto you. We are, dear friends, &c.,

"Josiah Pratt,
"Edward Bickersteth."

Augustine Johnson had returned to his people "in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ;" and we have the comfort of again beholding the church at Regent's Town, "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The Christian Institution for the education of the most promising African youths, was now moved from Leicester Mountain to Regent's Town. Mr. Bull was appointed master of the seminary; but the superintendence of the seminary, the town, and everything connected with the station, was, by order of the Committee in England, to rest entirely with Mr. Johnson.

April the 6th, 1820, the missionary writes, "Mr. Bull has settled here with his boys. He has only brought fourteen: the rest, who were unfit for the Institution, he has sent away. I have given him eleven of my elder boys, ten of whom are communicants, and are very willing to become teachers to their country-people. I have evident proof of their piety. Oh that they may kindle the fire among the rest of the boys. Some of them were mechanics.

"Tamba and Davis are employed as itinerants. They will attend Mr. Bull's school in the day-time; and in the evenings and on Sundays will visit the neighbouring hamlets. One goes every night to Leicester Mountain, and keeps prayer with the people there, who are very much attached to them. On the

whole they are very useful. Noah assists me as usual, and I do not know what I should do without him. I would not change him for an European schoolmaster.

" . . . Pray for me, that in a particular manner at this difficult season, the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove may be granted to me."

Fruits of Righteousness.

"Glory, honour, and peace, to every man that worketh good."—
Romans ii. 10.

CHAPTER IX.

"FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

We turn again to the Missionary's journal:—

"February 21, 1820. Sunday. After service several of the communicants expressed great joy. One, an old man by the name of Susah, said, 'Massa, my heart sing, me glad too much.' I asked, 'What makes your heart sing, Susah?' 'Ah, you see that poor thief you talk about, be no good at all; he be bad when they hang him on the cross; God teach—He show him bad heart, He make him pray to Jesus Christ: "Lord, remember me!" Jesus no say, Me no want you, you too bad, you be thief too much! No, He no say so, but take him and tell him, To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise. I see Christ take poor sinners; that make me glad too much. Oh, my heart sing! True, me bad, very bad; me sin too much: but Jesus Christ can make me good. He take poor thief—He take me—me the same! Thank God, thank God!'

"Tamba went on Saturday afternoon to the first

Sherbro town, called Tongeh Place, in order to keep service there yesterday. Davis went to Leicester Mountain, where he kept service three times yesterday, and also this morning. He has now returned, and is pursuing his studies in the seminary. Noah kept service twice with the sick people in the hospital.

"I have just been to the school. Mr. Bull had put the first class of my boys with his, and I was much delighted to see some of my little red-jackets standing at the top of the class.

"I have had many sweet conversations with the people last week. I have noted down a few, which I will insert here :—

"One man said, 'Massa, before you go from this place, you preach and you say, Suppose somebody beat rice, when he done beat, he take the fan and fan it, and then all the chaff fly away, and the rice get clean. So God do Him people—He fan the chaff away. Now, massa, we been in that fashion since you been gone to England. God fan us that time for true!'

"Ann Shom, not a communicant :—'Massa, I can't get rest at all; my wicked heart trouble me. None can do me good except the Lord Jesus Christ. He only can do me good.' I said, 'If you are persuaded of that, go then to Him; He says, None coming unto me will I cast out.' 'I cannot go to

Him by my own strength, massa.' 'Did you ever pray to Him?' 'Yes, I pray, but I can't tell if God hear my prayer. Sometimes when I pray I feel glad; but sometimes when I pray, my heart run all about, and then I feel no peace.' 'What makes you feel glad sometimes?' 'Because Jesus Christ been hang on the cross for poor sinners. He shed His blood to save sinners!'

"Fanny Leigh, a school-girl, not a communicant, appeared much distressed; she said, 'Once, massa, you say in the church, Every one who dies without believing in Jesus Christ would go to hell. These words, massa, live always before my ear, make me afraid too much; and again, me do bad very much. Every day my heart plague me—me get bad more and more: me don't know what to do.' She wept bitterly. 'How long is it since you feel so?' 'Before you go to England, and since that time my heart trouble me; no good thing live in my heart. I hope the Lord Jesus Christ will have mercy upon me. Suppose He no save me, I must go to hell. I want to pray to Him, and sometimes me pray, but me think he no hear me. I have no strength, but I trust the Lord will help me.'

"Josiah Yamsey, a communicant: 'One morning last week, when we had morning prayer, you read the first Psalm. When you come to the last verse you said, *The ungodly shall perish,* hear this now;

you hear what God says, The ungodly shall perish!' Oh! massa, them words go through my heart, them make me 'fraid too much. But on Sunday you preach to me—you preach on the words, *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* That word comfort me very much. I was troubled too much, but the Lord Jesus delivered me through them words. I thank God for His mercy.'

"February 22, 1820. Slept very little during the night. The spiritual state of the people is upon my mind very much. Oh, who is sufficient for these things? May God the Holy Ghost help me, and enable me to build up the people of God in this place in their most holy faith. The following promise comforted my soul, 'Fear not, for I will help thee.'"

On the 25th of February, the second anniversary of the Regent's-Town Church Missionary Society was held. With the missionaries come from afar, stood Africa's own children to address the assembly: Tamba, Davis, Noah, Hughes, Sandy, Fox, and Taylor. The following extracts are from records of the speeches made by the native converts, taken down at the time, and sent to Mr. Pratt.

One Christian negro spoke as follows:—

"My dear brothers and sisters, I stand here be-

fore the congregation, not by my will, but by the will of God. I thank the Lord Jesus Christ for His mercy, in bringing me to this country to hear the gospel. One evening when I live in my house, Mr. Johnson came to me, and he talk to me about my soul; and what he told me that night I no forget till this time. I thank the Lord Jesus Christ that He has shown me my sinful state. That time I live in my country, I think I very good; but I see now suppose I been die that time, I go down to everlasting condemnation. When I live in my country, fight come; they catch me; and when I live in ship, I sick too much. But God know what was good for me. I see plenty people jump into the water, and I want to do the same; but God would not let me; He prevented me, and brought me here. If the Lord had not brought me here, I could not come. White man no come for nothing here; he tell us about Jesus, and Jesus know every sinner. He willing to save them; but no one can come to Him —God must draw him! O, I thank the Lord Jesus Christ for what He has done for me. Christ says, *Let your light shine before men.* Consider—Does your light shine? Again He says, *Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions.* Those mansions are for the people of God! I thank the Lord that He has brought Mr. Johnson back; I

know Mr. Johnson can't save me — but that Word He tell me can. You pray for missionary, that very good thing. He come to you; he leave his brother, mother, and father, to come to tell you that Jesus Christ came to save sinners. You must give your coppers too; suppose you have one copper, or one shilling, no say you no got plenty; what little you have — give that."

A young negro addressed the meeting.

"My dear brethren, I am not worthy to speak anything before you, for I am not worthy to mention the Name of God. I see, and you know, when Mr. Johnson first come, he preach—I go and come back the same as I go; I no understand what he preach. He then preach again—the word he preach hurt me too much; I feel heart sick; he say, 'No man can enter into the kingdom of Heaven except he be born again — no thief, no bad man go there.' Then me hear again, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; when I hear this it made me very glad. I was the same like a man who carry a bag full of stones on his head; I went into the bush and pray, and I get peace and my heart glad. That time I see the light of God shine in my heart. When I go to church, I have joy; when I go home, I have joy; when I in bed, I have joy; when I get up, I have joy. But this time, I no feel glad; I

feel myself guilty; my heart is as hard as a rock; if God cast me into hell, He do good; I deserve it. But I thank him for His salvation bought with blood! He save me freely. I see the difference now."

After relating the circumstances of his being brought to Sierra Leone, he added,—

"Missionary come here, and preach to us, and we pay nothing. England make us free, and bring us to this country. God, my brothers, has done great things for us, but I have denied Him, like Peter. I can say I am guilty before Him; but He will have mercy upon whom He will have mercy. Oh may he have mercy upon me! I am not able to do anything. I pray God to make us help God's Word to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea! —I believe that that word will come true. If any one have got a penny, let him give it, and pray God to bless our society."

The missionaries who gave these minutes of what was said, regret that they were unable to give a more full account of this young native's address; it was so impressive that it brought tears into their eyes.

We close our account of this deeply interesting meeting with an extract from the speech of the last negro communicant who addressed the assembly. After the affecting history of his capture, he gives

the account of his conversion to God at Regent's Town, and then continues :—

"I desire to know the Lord Jesus more and more, and that my country-people may hear of Him. When I consider what the Lord has suffered for sinners, I am sorry too much ; especially when I read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, that chapter make me sorry too much—*He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities!* I trust that through the precious blood of Jesus, I shall be justified, and shall reign with Him in Heaven. My country-people lie in darkness ; they worship their own gods. What Mr. Taylor say just now, about the day of judgment—that we should meet our country-people, and that, perhaps, through the coppers which we give,—make me glad too much. Friends, consider your former state, and consider the state of your country-people now. I dare say some people say, 'White people bring me to this country!' but they are only instruments ; it is God that brought us here to hear of Jesus the Saviour of sinners ! Suppose they say, the Lord Jesus no came into the world to save sinners, but the righteous, I must go to hell. Oh pray, continually pray, for ourselves and for country-people ! Suppose we meet in the day of judgment, and they stand on the left hand, and they say, 'You been see me go to hell, and have not told me about it!' Try to do

the best you can; pray, and give money. I thank the Lord Jesus who saved me, who bled for me, who was once nailed on the cross. Oh we must pray that the Lord may save us, and receive us into the Kingdom of glory. Suppose Christ leaves us to-day—we fall into hell!"

At this African assembly the collection made amounted to £4. 8s. 6d.—'The abundance of their joy and their poverty, abounded unto the riches of their liberality!'

The journal continues.

"Feb. 28. A communicant came to me, who has been much afflicted of late with illness. He said, 'Massa, you say yesterday in church, some people come to prayer every morning and evening, and on Sunday four times. They have been baptized, and now call themselves Christians; and think because they come to church; and say, Lord, Lord! they are going to Heaven, while they have no heart-religion, and do not worship God in spirit and in truth. They know not true religion, but only put Jesus Christ in their mouths and do not the things which He command them, and are still going down to hell. Oh, massa, them word hurt me too much—me think me that man—me do that! Oh, massa, me no sleep all night, me have no peace, me fraid too much!' He wept bitterly, tears of grief

rolled over his black cheeks. I spoke to him as the Holy Ghost enabled me. May the great Comforter of souls comfort him!

Josiah Yamsey came and told me, with a sorrowful countenance, that two of his countrymen went yesterday into the bush to cut sticks. He said, 'You see, massa, what them people do on Sunday. By-and-bye they will bring trouble again in this place—for do work on Sunday! Me always tell them, but their heart so hard; they will not mind. I wish God may teach them. Me 'fraid God punish the place for the sake of the people.'

"March 4. Several people spoke this evening, so that I felt what I cannot express. One woman who had been in my school, and is now married, said, 'When I very young, my mother die. Soon after, bad sickness come in my country—people look quite well, and all at once they fall down and die. My father take me, and run to another country, because he 'fraid of that bad sick. My father got sick, but he no die. Me got sick too. One day my father send me to get some cassada; two men meet me in the road, catch me and carry me to the headman. The headman say they must sell me. Just when they wanted to carry me away, my father came. He very sick; he look me; and they say me thief, and they go sell me. My father begin to beg them, but they no hear. My father stand and cry; and

oh, massa, since you talk that about missionary, and about our fathers and mothers, me have no rest!' Here she burst into tears, and said, 'My father always stand before my eyes; oh, poor man, he no sabby anything about Jesus Christ!' She wept very loudly; and after a little while continued her sad tale. 'After they carried me two days, they sold me. I do not know what they got for me. I stop there a little, and them people carry me to another place, and sell me again with plenty more people. Me very sick that time; oh me very poor and nothing but bone. After the man that buy me, took me, he say, 'This girl no good, she go to die. I will kill her—she no good to sell.' A woman live there (I think she one of him wife), she beg the man not to kill me. Oh, massa, God send that woman to save my life! Suppose that woman no come and beg for me, what place I live now?' She wept again, and could not proceed with her tale.

"Most of those who are influenced by Divine grace, begin to see now the hand of God in all their former lives. I believe that we were all so affected that evening, that many tears were shed in silence. Ah, who would not be a missionary to Africa? Had I ten thousand lives, I think I could willingly offer them up for the sake of one poor negro! Our friends in England do not know half the sorrows

and miseries that reign in Africa. 'Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!'

"March 25. The schools are going on well. The evening school, especially, makes good progress. I am indeed delighted to attend, for no weariness is perceived; all is pleasure, which makes it to me a delightful season. Scholars assist continually; Mr. Bull assists and takes an active part."

Writing in May, as the rainy season was fast approaching, when illness had already begun, of himself he says, "I do not recollect that I have ever been in such a low state before. But all must be well. I know we are 'immortal till our work is done.' I therefore leave all in the hands of my dear Saviour."

It will, perhaps, be remembered that all the boys chosen by Mr. Johnson from his schools and people, for more advanced education in the seminary, were communicants, except one; he now mentions the interesting fact that a message sent to this boy by the dying missionary, Mr. Cates, proved the means of his conversion to God, and he was at this time a candidate for baptism and the Lord's Supper. How beautiful to find the missionary's dying breath wafting life eternal to the negro boy!

The desire for instruction in the way of life, and for united communion in prayer and praise, brought the negroes in increasing numbers to the House of

God. In April we find the following entry;—"Divine service as usual. Had the bell rung half an hour sooner, as the church was full long before. One of the churchwardens came to me, saying, 'The church full, massa, and plenty of people outside who can't come in! What must I do with them?' I spoke to Mr. Bull about it, who went and put some into the gallery, where the Institution-boys sit. Others were obliged to keep on the shady side of the church." And while the negroes' value for heavenly truth so manifestly deepened, their desires increased to extend its blessings; the monthly Church Missionary meeting was held, the church on this occasion was full, and after service the monthly contributions amounted to 3*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.*—more than at any former monthly meeting!

Just before the light of the Easter morning of 1820 dawned on the mountain valley, one of its blessed negro children passed through the gate of death to a glorious immortality. George Paul first arrived in Regent's Town from the hold of a slave vessel in 1815. About the time of Mr. Johnson's arrival, George went to live in Freetown, but he soon returned, and earnestly begged to be taken into the school. Being almost naked, the missionary clothed and admitted him; he was soon after apprenticed, and having no place to sleep in, Mr. Johnson took him with several more boys into his own home. In

1818, George Paul and two of the other boys became full of serious thoughts; one of the other two, much attached to George, soon after died, leaving a good hope in the missionary's heart that he had departed to unchanging happiness and glory.

George and the other boy were baptized on Christmas Day, 1818. "From this time, George walked stedfastly with his God and Saviour;" becoming at once a missionary to all around him, but especially to those of his own age; "he ceaselessly endeavoured to turn sinners from the error of their ways." When the Easter sun of 1820 broke on George's new-made grave, there were several in the church of Regent's Town who had been called by his instrumentality from sin to the Saviour of sinners, they were then "communicants, and walking worthy of their high and holy calling." He stirred up his young companions to prayer, and succeeded in this effort as early as October, 1818.

In 1819, he caught a severe cold during the rainy season, which settled on his lungs; he recognized the messenger of death, but he could rise and bid it welcome; for him it had no terrors, no "dark unknown;" it was the eternal Father's messenger to call the liberated slave-boy Home! When Augustine Johnson returned to Regent's Town in February, 1820, he missed him from those who came with their welcomes, and enquiring for him

heard he was ill; the missionary's heart was at once engaged in devising some hopeful plan for the sick boy's restoration, and for a little time the plan gave promise of success, and George was seen again upon the mountain-paths and by the mountain-stream; but it was only the taper of his mortal life flickering ere its flame expired; he was soon again as ill as before. Many a black face bent in tender interest, from time to time, over the pillow of the dying boy. When asked by his anxious countrymen about the state of his soul, he would answer, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus can do me good!" When asked by them if he liked to die? he would reply, "He is God! let Him do as He likes!" One of the students in the seminary bore testimony, that when in distress of mind, conversation with George had relieved him. On one occasion Mr. Bull, the master at the seminary, being at Freetown, the boys made an unusual noise. George hearing them, rose from his bed, and staggered to the school-room door, and said, "O boys! you fear master more than God. When master is at home, you are quiet; but now master is not at home you think nobody see you. O remember, God see you!" Their dying comrade's earnest appeal produced a lasting impression, remembered when the speaker's lips were silent in the grave. Once a passing cloud obscured for a little moment the brightness of his Heavenward

vision, but it was quickly gone again, and gone for ever. He soon after said to some of his countrymen who had come to visit him, "I am happy that I am sick, and going to die—Jesus Christ has saved my soul!" They prayed with him, and he begged one of them to help him on his knees; he was told that he could pray as well lying down, but he begged again, saying, "I want to pray on my knees;" upon which Tamba held him in his arms, so enabling him to kneel, while prayer was offered up to God.

When asked by one who visited him the day before he died, how he did? he replied, "I thank the Lord Jesus Christ, He hold me fast." To another he said, "I beg you, when you go on your knees, pray for me." When asked by another on what he depended, being now about to depart, he replied, "On nothing but the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ." His last words were, "I am happy!"

As with the Lord who loved him and gave Himself for him, so with George—at sunset on the day of his death, they laid him in the grave! On Easter Sunday, his pastor, in his sermon, turned his blessed death to living profit. The church of Regent's town mourned for its youthful dead—it was calculated that six hundred followed him to the grave. There, in the mountain sod sleeps all that was mortal of the young African evangelist, till the voice of the

archangel and the trump of God awake the blessed dead. He "in a short time fulfilled a long time," departing at the age of sixteen. His childhood had been bitterness—the voice of the oppressor—the chain of the oppressed—the worse than dungeon of a slave-ship hold! But the Good Shepherd found him, redeemed him by the blood of His covenant—the everlasting arms received him; spared for awhile to breathe the heavenly invitation, "COME," to the lost wanderers around him; then, resting in his bed, he entered into peace!"

Our lamentations might be poured upon the grave of this African child of consolation, but that we are for him constrained into rejoicing. And looking round upon the church where he was "born again," we see that his spiritual father Augustine Johnson still is there. Tamba and Davis too are there, who had already been made "unto God a sweet savour of Christ in them that are saved." Their pastor records at this time their successful labours among the people of a mountain near; and Noah too, of whom he says at this time also, that he was "still increasing in usefulness, a valuable assistant indeed!" We can only therefore turn from the grave of George to his missionary pastor and say, "I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN!"

The Sabbath a Delight.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a Delight, the Holy of the LORD, Honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the LORD; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the LORD hath spoken it."—Isaiah lviii. 13, 14.

CHAPTEP X.

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.

That a Sabbath is still given of God to man, no less certainly than other Heaven-appointed means of grace, is a truth confirmed by the fact that Christians of every age and of every varying community unite to acknowledge, honour, and bless the sacred hours of "the Lord's day." No sooner were the poor African slaves baptized with "the Spirit of grace and supplication," than they felt the value, and rose to the enjoyment of the Sabbath-day. And their diligent improvement of it casts a silent reproof on many, trained from their birth in the use of its sacred privileges. At six o'clock in the morning, the first service was held—most beautiful it must have been at dawn of day in that romantic valley, when the morning breathed upon the mountains, and, in the freshness of all things, the negro came to the sanctuary to pray! After this early service, the twelve oldest communicants took each their separate way among the dwellings of their countrymen, to

visit all who might be sick — carrying to each sufferer's side the balm of Life, which they had brought from the Mercy-seat, fresh from the eternal Fountain; celebrating in each sick chamber the sacred day's return, bringing home to each solitary sufferer the joy of "the communion of saints." And whenever they knew of any who forsook the assembling of themselves together, there the feet of these heralds of salvation followed them, wherever it might be, to compel them by constraining love, to come in. All the congregation assembled before the time for reading the exhortation; it was very rare for a single individual of the crowded congregation not to have entered then—the negro made hindrances give way to the sacred service, instead of that sacred service being broken in upon by hindrances. Again at three, and again at seven o'clock, all attended public worship; it was a rare event to miss one of them, except the sick;—husband, wife, and children, —all were there, their dwellings locked up. Between the services, in every quarter of the town, the negro families, either by themselves or several families unitedly, met for prayer. And oftentimes the darkened mountains echoed to their hymns of adoration, till the Sabbath's last sacred hour had passed and the midnight ushered in the week-day dawn. This community of liberated slaves seemed indeed to have learned both the grace and the sweetness of the

command, "Pray without ceasing!" Never less than five hundred attended daily morning and evening prayers in the church, sometimes nine hundred, and sometimes it was full. The same spirit of prayer breathed from them in private, and animated their desires and efforts for their country-people. One negro says, 'The Lord Jesus Christ is to me my breakfast and my supper, my morning and my night! I can put no trust in anything beside, for all things I see are sinful; in my heart nothing but sin; in the world, nothing but sin. The Lord Jesus Christ, He take all sin and die for it! and He only good, and only able to save; that make Him my everything!' We cannot wonder that such spirits found joy in the communion of prayer!

We give further extracts from the Journal:—

"July, 1820. One man said, 'I have felt very glad since last Sunday morning. When you preach you talk to *me* all the time; what you said was what I *felt*: which make me glad too much. But when you at last talk to the wicked, I wanted to cry—my heart turn in me for my poor wife! she come always to church, but she no believe—she still careless. I do not know what to do with her; sometimes when I look at her I could cry. I cannot keep water out of my eyes. I grieve very much for my wife. Oh, I wish God may teach her!'

"Another woman said, 'First time when I begin

to pray, and when I see all bad things, I go plenty times to the Lord Jesus Christ to pardon all my sins; and then I feel glad too much, because He come into the world to save sinners. When I go out, I pray in the road; in the farm, I pray; when I get in the market amongst plenty people, I pray; I always pray, that time my heart live on the Lord Jesus Christ! When I get up, I pray; when I lie down, I pray; when I see God's people I glad too much, I talk to them, and tell them what the Lord do for me. But this time I don't know how I stand; suppose I pray, my heart run away from me; and when I get up from my knees, I don't know what I been say. Oh, my heart! bad past everything: I don't know what to do with myself.'

"July 30. Sunday. The prayer-meeting at six o'clock was numerously attended. Divine service at half-past ten. I read the prayers as usual, and Noah responded with the whole congregation; when I read some of those beautiful and spiritual prayers, I could have wept; there appeared a holy awe throughout the congregation. I saw one woman while she repeated the responses—'Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us!' weeping bitterly.

"In the afternoon, Tamba went to Leicester, and Davis went to Bathurst, to keep service. Davis has 200 of his countrymen at Bathurst who cannot

understand English; he addressed them in their own language. As Mr. Hector seems to have no objection, Davis will probably go there every Sunday afternoon. I understand that the people were very much pleased, and begged Davis to come again and tell them about the true God.

"July 31. In calling at one of the houses, a woman said, 'Massa, me been very sick; and that time when you come and see me, I think I cannot live much longer. But you see, massa, the Lord has spared me; and now I can thank him for his mercy. Beforetime I was always 'fraid to die; but, this time, I was glad too much. Suppose I been die, I live in Heaven now with the Lord Jesus Christ! Them words you talk yesterday in the church, about God punish Him people because He love them, them words true—that just fit me—that true word. God make me sick because me great sinner; and because me 'fraid to die, He take away my fear, because He love me!'

"A communicant thus opened his heart to me.

'I no sabby how I stand, this time. I fear too much. I think I no live in the right way. My heart plague me too much. My heart stand the same like two persons—one do bad, the other do good; one like to pray, the other no like to pray. Sometimes me so sorry for myself, I don't know

what to do; and sometimes when you preach, me get comfort, but sometimes me get sorrow too much for myself. I don't know if Christians stand that fashion.'

"After returning home I was continually engaged speaking with communicants; when one was gone, another came till nearly ten o'clock. How various are the dealings of God with His people! Some were distressed on account of indwelling sin—others under great darkness and temptations—while some rejoiced and gave praise to Him *who worketh all in all.*

"At the usual meeting I addressed the communicants, pointed out how necessary self-examination was—proposed some questions, and requested they would put them to themselves when they retired. Some spoke in a very pleasing manner concerning the great things which the Lord had done for them, and how they had been refreshed by hearing the Word of God in the church, and by reading it at home.

"After service one day, some young women who are still in the school, followed me into the piazza, and desired to speak to me. One said, 'Massa! we have too much trouble in the school-house. Them girls that no serve God trouble us too much; we have no peace with them. We beg you, massa, to tell us what we must do. We want to sit down by our-

selves to read and pray sometimes; but we cannot—them other girls make too much noise; and some of them would do us bad, but they fear you. And now we cannot go into the bush, so much rain live there, and that make us feel sorry. Last Sunday, you say you fear people neglect prayer, and now them feel cold in them heart. Massa, for my part, I stand that fashion. Sometimes I kneel down to pray, and then my heart so cold, and then somebody come and disturb me!' I gave them some advice; and they left me weeping.

"August 13. Sunday. I felt very unwell this morning, but could not stay away from church, which was completely crowded; it being a very fine day, many strangers were also observed. It was indeed a scene which prophets and kings desired to see, and saw not! What my soul felt when I beheld, I may say a multitude of people, I cannot express, and all appearing eager to hear the Word of God. I preached on 2 Cor. iv. 17. While I was preaching, the fever came on; but though my body felt weak, yet my soul was strengthened, when speaking of the end and result of our present afflictions, which are but *light*, and for *a moment:* and while we *endure* them, we are held up by our covenant Jehovah, and thus *they work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*

"I have had visits paid me every day almost from

morning to night. One man said—'Massa! God do keep me, for true. Sometimes I have run from the Lord Jesus Christ, but He no run away from me. He hold me fast. When I run, He send trouble after me. As He bring back Jonah, so He bring me back many times. I no run like Jonah, but *heart* run more like Jonah. When I consider, I wonder that God has kept me so long. Oh what mercy! I see He will not leave me.'

"August 20. After service, one of the churchwardens came to me and said, 'When you explained the Law, some people wept; and two men ran away —they could not stand it!' Several expressed joy that the Lord Jesus Christ had delivered them from the curse of the Law.

"Sept. 3. Being the Sunday for the administration of the Holy Communion, divine service began at ten o'clock. I first married two carpenters to two school-girls, all communicants. When the girls came to take leave of me they wept much, conscious of the important step they were about to take. The whole congregation seemed to feel affected when the ceremony was performed, and responded to the service in a very solemn manner. The brides were dressed in white gowns and black beaver hats; the men in blue coats and light waistcoats and trousers. They made a very respectable appearance. What a contrast—when we consider, that, not long since,

they were naked, and disfigured by slave-dealers' chains and greegrees. I then proceeded with the morning prayers, after which I preached on John i. 29, '*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!*' and then baptized twenty-three adults and three infants. The candidates were first catechised before the congregation, and then baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. I administered the Lord's Supper to nearly three hundred communicants.

"October 4. Thirty-six persons have since the above been received as candidates for baptism, who are now under a course of instruction.

"The work of mercy is proceeding, for which I am constrained to say, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever! Amen.'"

And now again the Missionary turned his longing eyes from off his folded flocks, on to the waste howling wilderness where the poor heathen wandered, lost in ignorance and sin. Did he think of the Chief Shepherd saying, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice!"—and did it seem to him that the flocks in his mountain-valley lay in Africa's vast moral desert, like the Church of Israel

in a heathen world? The influence that led him on, we know was heavenly, and he went, the faithful Tamba with him, and six of the seminary youths. They set sail on October 17, in a canoe from Freetown, and suffering much through the night from contrary winds, and still more from the bad language of the men in the canoe, they landed in the morning and walked along the sand-beach—the white man and his seven negro sons! and halting in a little grove of trees, they read a chapter of Holy Scripture, and prayed together; and then, determined to walk, rather than hear the language of the wicked, they wandered on, till late at night they reached Mama, a place they visited two years before with the beloved missionary Mr. Cates. Two years had not effaced the memory of the strangers who came in peace and love among them; the poor people welcomed their return, and they spent the night there with many elevating thoughts of their "companion in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," who had entered into rest. The spirit in which the poor Africans of this place received instruction was very encouraging, and the missionary party thanked God and went forward. Continuing their way along the sand-beach they came to a large creek, through which they swam with some difficulty;—looking back from the further side they saw two sharks pursuing some fish, and realized the peril which they had

passed in safety; then meditating on the promise, "*When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee,* they followed on their way." They crossed the Whale River, which they found quite passable. About four miles further they arrived at another creek which appeared but shallow: they thought to wade through it, and all accomplished it except the missionary pastor, who suddenly sank in the quicksand nearly to the shoulders; but Tamba was at hand, and his strong arm rescued the life so precious, from this sudden peril; the walk of four miles further in wet and sandy clothes, exhausted the missionary's strength; but rest entirely restored him, and he felt no injury. Continuing their course, they visited the Bananas, securing fresh openings for the native teachers as soon as they should be ready to be sent so far; teaching the people, and preaching Christ to the poor heathen in the midst of devil-houses and greegrees.

Greatly desiring to return to Regent's Town by Sunday, the 29th of October, they set sail homeward October 26, holding a prayer-meeting in the canoe at the evening hour during which it was held at Regent's Town. After a night of toiling and rowing — the wind being contrary — they reached Kent at eight o'clock in the morning, and sailed again at eleven. About nine in the evening, they

passed False Cape; when a tremendous tornado came down from the mountains: it blew with great violence, and lasted four hours; the awful lightning and thunder, with torrents of rain, created so much confusion in the boat, that the men did not know what they were doing: one let the anchor go, but it did not reach the bottom, and being near rocks their peril was great. The captain appeared quite at a loss. Then Tamba came forward and begged of Mr. Johnson to have the command given up to him; his request was granted; his calm unruffled spirit, his firm hand, and steady eye — the result of his prayerful dependance upon the God whom winds and waves obey — recovered the anchor, and steered the little boat in safety through the stormy sea, till, at five o'clock in the morning, they stood on the shore, only five miles distance from Regent's Town. We can but remember the Lake of Galilee. — "The Prince of the power of the air," it may be, attempted *then* to destroy the Hope of Israel; and *now*, perhaps, to engulph Africa's sons of consolation. On the former occasion, the Lord Himself said, "Peace, be still! and the wind ceased and there was a great calm;" on this he breathed the same commanding peace into the faithful Tamba's heart, so that he guided the vessel as safely over the troubled sea, as if its every wave had settled down into a smooth expanse. The missionary adds, "We reached Re-

"Being near rocks, their peril was great."—P. 190

gent's Town about half-past seven o'clock on Friday morning. Much joy was manifested on both sides, when we beheld each other again in safety. May our Heavenly Father be praised for His mercy towards us during this short journey; and bless our feeble endeavours for Jesus Christ's sake."

Patient Continuance in Well-Doing.

"So then death worketh in us, but life in you."—2 Cor. iv. 12.

CHAPTER XI.

PATIENT CONTINUANCE IN WELL-DOING.

In March, 1821, the pastor of Regent's Town suffered from severe illness; a violent cold settled on his lungs, and he was laid aside for weeks—worn with constant cough, and doubtful whether he should be raised up again for his earthly ministry. But God had mercy on his people, and once more restored a life which it had pleased Him to make the channel of "living waters" to them. The faithful Tamba had already been on one prosperous missionary tour to the Sherbro country, and he was preparing to start again, but he would not leave until he saw his prayers answered in his pastor's restoration. This illness was not one in its effects likely to pass away as quickly or entirely as the rapid attacks of fever from which the missionary had, again and again, so suddenly recovered; it is probable that it wrote "the sentence of death" with

abiding characters in his still vigorous frame. Labouring in season and out of season, exposed to all the trying variations of climate—heat and chills, rain and dry; rising early, and late taking rest—because, as with his divine Master, the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God; we can only wonder that his mortal frame so long endured the fierce assaults of adverse climate, and the incessant claims around him. Already he stood like a veteran in the field, where the missionary's life so often faded like the flower described by St. James,—"For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, than the flower falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth." "Poor Africa! her children groan in chains of darkness, and she has nothing to offer those who would draw near to remove them, but a *Grave!* Surely none but heavenly fires could burn in the breasts of those who would press forward to perform such a service for such a reward." Augustine Johnson's life still only numbered thirty-four years; and yet the desert bloomed around him, as if the wisdom and the toil of three-score years and ten had laboured and been honoured with abundant increase there. We know that "neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." Yet it is also written, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall,

doubtless, come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Trials and joys still held their even course along his ministerial path. A short time before his severe illness, he wrote to England to the secretaries :—

"I know you will be pleased with the reports of the settlements. Indeed it will draw forth gratitude from the hearts of God's people, when they consider how the light of the gospel is beaming forth in every direction. Praise and glory be to our heavenly Father, who has again revived our drooping hearts through the prospect before us. May the God of all grace continue to prosper all your undertakings."

We could but expect that he, who as "a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour," would make many an assault upon this faithful servant of the most High God. A West Indian, a seller of rum on the road from Regent to Freetown, found his trade greatly injured by the missionary's preaching; and seeing him pass by one day to Freetown, he loaded a gun, and waited in the mountains for Augustine Johnson's solitary return. How striking the contrast here presented to our view—the tempter of his fellow men, getting his wealth by their debasement, lurking in the mountain-pathway —his evil heart, and evil eye, and evil hand, all bent to murder the righteous. And the unarmed defenceless missionary, whose soul was the dwelling-place of

love, truth, and peace, whose lips had been the instrument of regenerating a whole community, whose life was "an epistle of Christ," who, had he been asked, as Luther, "When all forsake you, where will you take refuge!" could have answered as Luther did—"*looking upward with an eye of faith,* UNDER HEAVEN!" It is well sometimes to contemplate the awful contrast of "the just and the unjust," that we may deepen our apprehension of those two vast eternities, "sin and love." The missionary's danger was imminent; but, surely, "He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler!" and "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee to keep thee in all thy ways," until thy work is done; and then, "as a servant earnestly desireth the shadow"—marking the day's decline and his approaching hour of rest — so wilt thou behold "the valley of the *shadow* of death," knowing that on entering it thou shalt have wings like a dove, and fly away, and be at rest! But though the missionary's sun went down at noon-day, as yet the "shadow" had not fallen; and therefore the word of inspiration was sure to him as to the Apostle Paul at Corinth, "Be not afraid; but speak, and hold not thy peace, for no man shall set on thee to hurt thee." Heavenly love, wherever it dwells, is a wakeful, watchful energy; tidings of the deadly design reached the ears of one of his negro people,

who instantly set off and ran through the mountain paths to save a life so precious, reaching Freetown before the missionary had started; but the breathless messenger was not regarded; presently a second arrived, and then a third, bringing the same tidings; it was impossible to neglect such warnings, the reluctant missionary gave information, and the man was secured; he was bound to keep the peace, and then released, to the missionary's comfort, who exclaims, "May the Lord forgive him, for he knows not what he does! I know that my God will protect me. The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

From time to time fresh testimonies were added to the way in which God had prospered and established the work of His servant's hands at Regent's Town; these testimonies are most valuable as giving confirmation by important witnesses, but their details would be only a repetition of the facts already narrated, therefore they are not inserted here.

In the missionary's journal of this month—April, 1821, he speaks again of the boys' Evening Prayer Meeting, which had now been continued nearly three years; and he mentions the interesting fact, not so distinctly named before, that *George Paul* was "the instrument who formed it." In this month the anniversary of the Regent's Town missionary meeting was again held. One poor woman, unable to attend,

said to her minister the next day, 'Yesterday I sorry too much that I could not come to the missionary-meeting. I was hungry too much for to come, but I too sick! Me can't pray, me so cold! I think God punish me, and still my heart so hard! Only thing that comfort me is, that the Lord Jesus come to seek and to save them people that lost; and that God punish Him people. Him punish me, me bad, and that make me think He love me!' Oh! who but would desire such simplicity of faith—taking God so entirely at His word!

A poor negro woman became a convert to the faith of Christ; her husband, a blacksmith, who had come from Freetown, took up the profession of the same; he then borrowed as much money as he could, sold also several pigs and other articles which had formed the poor negro woman's little estate when she married; and then going to Freetown, he sailed in a French vessel to Senegal. It was an overwhelming wave of trouble for the Christian wife; but the missionary adds, "She carried her grief to God who says, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;' and it is most wonderful how she has been supported. Her trials have been amongst the 'all things' which work together for good. I believe if there are any who enjoy peace or comfort, she does, in her humble cottage—the cleanliness of which cannot be too much

admired, as also her regular attendance at divine worship, which she never neglects. I asked her how she got on now? She said, 'I have plenty trouble, but the Lord Jesus Christ is my Father and my husband.' She avoids all company, and lives near her country-people, who have, like her, found the pearl of great price. I cannot help observing that when the fence round the cottage wants repairing, her Christian country-people will join together, and do it gratis. This is another instance of that sovereign grace that turns the lion into a lamb—for these are all of the Ebo nation. May the God of sovereign grace have all the praise and glory!"

The journal continues:—

"April 21. One man who had been told, for a slight offence, that he could not be permitted to attend the Lord's table, came to me this morning and said, 'Massa, where must I go now? I do so bad, that true I deserve to be turned away from the Lord Jesus Christ, and him people, but for true, massa, I cannot live without the Lord! What must I do? What word live there again, that can comfort my heart? Suppose me run to my country far away, the word me hear live in my heart everywhere, and can't come out again. To what place can me go for peace? I don't know what to do!' The missionary adds, "The words of St. Peter came to my mind,

'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!' I could not send the man away, without telling him to come to the Lord's Table to-morrow. He was very thankful, and a great burden appeared to have fallen from his heart. Cases like this I have had frequently. They are like Noah's dove, finding no rest but in the Ark of the Covenant —the blessed and precious Lord Jesus Christ."

Easter Day again brightened on the mountain valley and its pastor. The morning prayer-meeting at six o'clock was numerously attended; about nine o'clock again streams of people poured in one direction—to the House of prayer; a quarter of an hour before the time of service the churchwardens came to meet the missionary, telling him, "the church was full too much!" An attempt was made to get all within, but it could not be done, and some of these earnest worshippers had to remain outside. The missionary preached from Isaiah xliii. 1. "But now thus saith the Lord, that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not; for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." Twenty-one adults and three children were baptized; and the hearts of those around were touched by the aspect of one little boy of three years old, who was baptized with his mother. "Having knelt down, he placed his little hand before his eyes, appearing to be in prayer, and so

"A little boy was baptized with his mother."—P. 202.

remained during the whole ceremony; when the water was poured on his head, he remained still in the same devout posture."—"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!" The missionary adds, "This is a day which will be known and long remembered by those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious. O may the Lord the Spirit carry on the work of saving grace among us, for Jesus' sake! Amen."

Some months previous to this time, two clergymen, and others from America, had come to Africa as missionaries, stirred up to the work by a letter from England, written by Mr. Pratt. They had visited Regent's Town, and taken Mr. Johnson's advice as to the locality on the coast on which it was best for them to attempt a settlement. Had it not been for his own itinerant missionary journeys he would have had no counsel to offer; but from his own experience he could now direct others; he sent Davis to aid and labour with them, among his own countrymen. In this Easter week he speaks of a visit from one of these American clergymen.

"Last night I was agreeably surprised by the sight of Mr. Becon, who has been down the coast to the Bassa country. Davis, accompanied by the king's son, came also. The missionaries have succeeded in getting land; they have a sufficient quantity to begin a colony in the Bassa country. It appears that the king of that country is in earnest, or else he would

not have sent his son, which may be taken as a token of his sincerity, as it respects the land, &c. promised. I cannot express what I felt when the news reached my ears. A heavy burden fell at once from my mind, which has been there ever since I heard of the death of Mr. Cates; for he, humanly speaking, died of the fatigue which he endured going to that country, and I was the cause of his undertaking it, for I first proposed it to him, and urged a special meeting to be held. But now I see that the Lord's ways are in the deep. "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." Had Mr. Cates not gone there, the missionaries would not have received land; Davis produced the agreement which the king had made with Mr. Cates, and which opened the way immediately. Thus that dear servant of the Lord has slain more at his death than ever he did in his life-time. The people were in the evening school, when Davis and the Prince arrived. I took the latter to the school-house, and had our friends in England seen the sight, they would have wept for joy. His countrymen, who were standing in their respective classes, left them without asking leave, surrounded the son of their king, shook hands with him in the most affectionate manner, and enquired after their relatives. Some leaped for joy when they heard that their parents were alive; and the prospect of the gospel soon sounding in their

ears caused such sensations as cannot well be described. Noah heard that his father and brethren were all alive and well. Davis said he had seen some of those who sold him as a slave, and who tried to hide themselves, being ashamed to look at him. The mistress of his late master, when she saw him, ran towards him, fell upon his neck, and wept. He heard that his mother was alive, but too far in the interior to enable him to pay her a visit this time. However, he sent her a present, and word that he hoped soon to see her, and have her in his family. Some of the people were so struck, when they saw Davis, that they scarcely would believe that he was the same; *as an instance of one returning who had been sold, had never occurred before!*—'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'"

Glory, and Honour, and Immortality.

"And sealeth up the stars."—Job ix. 7.

"Nor sink those stars in empty night—
But hide themselves in heaven's own light."

CHAPTER XII.

GLORY, AND HONOUR, AND IMMORTALITY.

The Governor of Sierra Leone, Sir Charles MacCarthy, left the colony in 1820, on a visit to England, in consequence of ill health; he returned again in November 1821: and it has been justly observed that the way in which this excellent viceroy was welcomed back to his post of dignity and usefulness, reflects equal credit on the governor and the governed. Very shortly after his return, Sir Charles MacCarthy spent two days in visiting the different negro towns of the colony, accompanied by many gentlemen from Freetown. We give the details of the visit to Regent's Town.

"As soon as the governor was descried on the heights above the town, the British ensign was displayed, and a salute fired with much regularity—the re-echo of which among the distant hills had the most grand effect. The people were formed in lines, three and four deep, from the bridge to the missionary's house; men, women and children neatly dressed, and decorated with the flowers of the country.

On his excellency crossing the large stone bridge adjoining the town, he was met by a band of young school-girls, dressed in white and decorated with the simple though sweet and fragrant flowers of the country. The eldest girl supported a banner of blue silk, upon which was exhibited in large white characters, 'Fear God. Honour the king.' 1 Pet. ii. 17. 'Obey them that have the rule over you.' Heb. xiii. 17. 'God save the king.' 1 Sam. x. 24.

"The girls preceded his excellency up the hill to the parsonage-house, amidst the enthusiastic cheering of full two thousand voices, welcoming him once more among them. Sir Charles had scarcely entered the house, when the anxious crowd rushed into the great room, exclaiming again and again, 'Thank God! daddy come! God bless him!' Nor were they satisfied till his excellency went out again among them. We confess we never witnessed, on any occasion, so gratifying a scene, nor one better calculated to excite the finest feelings of human nature; the joy expressed on every countenance, and the warmth of affectionate feeling poured forth by those freed children of Africa, excited emotions in us which we feel quite incompetent to describe.

"His excellency remained among his affectionate negroes for some time, when their excellent rector and superintendent, the Rev. W. Johnson, led them in a body to the church, where they joined in hymns

of thanksgiving to the Almighty. So many voices on such an interesting occasion, accompanied by the solemn notes of the organ, produced in us sensations of the most serious, though gratifying description." *

Mr. Johnson, in writing to the secretaries, says, "The Europeans of Freetown have inspected the mountains, and have been so surprised at the order, industry, and piety of our people, that their mouths are completely stopped. They acknowledge now that the Gospel is the only means to civilize the heathen. Several have requested me to call upon them for their contribution to our Society. The governor has also requested me to call upon him for the same purpose. My humble flock has contributed 72*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.* this year, and it has not a little surprised the colonists.

"His excellency has been pleased to give me 10*l.* as his contribution to the Society. Several other gentlemen have given me donations and subscriptions. Mr. R. Macaulay gave me 12*l.* 2*s.* I have now in all for the past year 177*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.* The gentlemen in Freetown are now so convinced of the success produced by the preaching of the Gospel, that they publicly confess that, *above all other institutions, ours has proved the most beneficial to the children of*

* From the "Colonial Gazette."

Africa.* I am much exposed to flattery at present, which does not benefit my proud heart. Oh, my dear Sirs, above all pray for me that the Lord may keep me humble! I am really in danger, because I prosper. May I be kept at the feet of Jesus, and aim at nothing but to promote His glory.

"Tamba, I am happy to say, conducts himself with great propriety. The people under his care at Bathurst do certainly improve, and the schools are in good order.

"As Christmas week is only just over, and every thing that happened fresh in my memory, I shall endeavour to state how it was spent at Regent's Town.

"Dec. 25. At six o'clock, prayer-meeting, as on Sunday mornings. At ten o'clock divine service. I preached from Luke ii. 14, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' I baptized thirty-three adults, and thirteen infants; and administered the Lord's Supper to the largest number that ever attended at Regent. I went through the whole service alone (Mr. Dûring was obliged to be at Gloucester); the service continued till nearly three o'clock; but notwithstanding the fatigue, my heart was so full of joy I could scarcely speak. O God, what hast Thou wrought! Receive all the praise and glory! After three o'clock the

* The Church Missionary Society.

people kept prayer-meeting, under the direction of Mr. Norman; and in the evening I preached on Isaiah ix. 6.

"Dec. 26. About nine A.M. I proceeded to Gloucester, and as far as I could see, before and behind, the road was covered with our people." This assembly was to celebrate the anniversary of the Church Missionary Meeting, held this year at Gloucester. Sir Charles MacCarthy took the chair, at the request of the missionaries, and Mr. Johnson adds, "I cannot say too much of the meeting—I think it was the most interesting one I ever attended!"

"Dec. 27. About forty of our communicants had their subscription-dinner in our boys' schoolhouse. A few of Mr. Dûring's communicants were invited. They had prayer before and after dinner, with appropriate hymns. Before tea they kneeled down again, and one prayed. After tea they all attended prayers at church, after which they returned and resumed their seats. Several speeches were now delivered, with many cheers, intermixed with hymns of praise. At eight o'clock all retired to their homes.

"Dec. 28. After prayers in the church, some told me that they felt as if it were Sunday all the week. I reminded them of the eternal Sunday which is to come!"

The organ in the church, alluded to in the

"Colonial Gazette," was a present from England. Noah had been accustomed to lead the singing in the church, but it proved no easy work to lead such a multitude of voices as rose from that mountain valley in hymns of praise to Heaven. Noah—who could do almost everything, and never wearied in his heavenly or his earthly master's service—found this beyond his power, complaining of his chest. The missionary then raised his voice, and led his people's songs of praise; but it tried him more than preaching, so sympathetic England sent an organ. It greatly astonished the negroes, some of whom were anxious to keep at a safe distance from an object that gave signs of life in such marvellous power of expression! England, however, had not calculated on the burst of song from negro hearts—from whom "the cup of trembling" had passed away for ever, and whose adoration rose to Him who loved them and gave Himself for them; the organ's swelling tones were lost in the choir of human melody, and the gift, for its primary purpose, proved useless. But England can give freely, effectually, be the offering what it may; the God who gave her Bible and her Sabbath, has given her also Liberality!—It was not long before another organ was heard, triumphant above the tones of negro praise, leading the congregation's psalmody.

April 19, 1822. He speaks with joy of seeing

his children come from every quarter to partake of the Holy Sacrament.—A woman from Freetown, a man from the hospital on Leicester mountain, Tamba from Gloucester, Davis and his wife from Bathurst, Sandy from Leopold, and Thomson from Wilberforce —all these having kept divine service early at their respective places, came to join the parent congregation at the Lord's Table. Thomson did not arrive till the sacred service had begun, having to walk five miles through the bush after keeping divine service early at Wilberforce; Thus were the missionary's children like lights scattered through the surrounding darkness! But Noah still was left with him—his earthly prop and stay; of him he says, "Noah is employed from daybreak till ten at night, a continuance of exertion which no European could endure in this climate. He conducts entirely the day and evening schools; besides this, he issues rations for about 1200 people; keeps the provision-lists and returns, and school-lists; measures out all the lots, and sees that the houses and fences are regularly built; receives the stores every Thursday in Freetown; enters marriages, baptisms, &c.; does the duty of a parish clerk; prays with the sick; in short, he is everything at Regent's Town! He occasionally, when I could not, has gone to Bathurst and also to Gloucester. I cannot sufficiently praise God for having given me such an assistant. He does all

with great pleasure, and never thinks that he can do too much. If he has five minutes to spare, they are generally spent in my study among the books. He works a slateful of problems during school-hours, which he copies into a book between ten and eleven o'clock at night; and after that time he writes his journal; he then retires and rests till half-past five in the morning." The missionary enumerates seven among the seminary youths whom he believes capable of conducting a school under a missionary; he speaks of them as believing them to be similar characters to Noah; and he says, "These have been trained up under my own care. I am satisfied with their piety, and their willingness to be made useful in the Lord's vineyard." He speaks in the same decided terms of twelve of the elder school-girls, who were already acting in turn as teachers in the girls' school.

In May of this year, 1822, Mr. Johnson was sent for to Freetown, to receive 238 poor slaves, just landed from a captured slave-ship. Only 217 were able to accompany him, the rest were carried to the hospital. The scenes, he tells us, were impossible to describe. "As soon as we came in sight of Regent's Town," he says, "all the people came out of their houses to meet us with loud acclamations. When they beheld the new people, weak and faint, they carried and led them up towards my house.

After they had lain on the ground, being quite exhausted, many of our people recognized their friends and relatives, and there was a general cry, 'Oh, massa, my sister!' 'My brother!' 'My countryman!' 'My countrywoman!' The poor creatures being faint—just taken out of the hold of a slave vessel, and unconscious of what had befallen them—did not know whether they should laugh or cry, when they beheld the countenances of those whom they had supposed long dead, but now saw clothed and clean, and perhaps with healthy children in their arms. The school-boys and girls brought the victuals they had prepared, and all the people following their example, ran to their houses, and brought what they had got ready; and in a short time their unfortunate countrypeople were overwhelmed with messes of every description. Pine-apples, ground-nuts, and oranges, were also brought in great abundance. Several had the joy to take a brother or a sister home. "In the evening the church was crowded. A school-girl put some of her own clothing on one of the new girls, in order to take her to church. When the poor girl came before the church and saw the numbers of people, she ran back crying; she said she had been sold too much, and did not want to be sold again!"

This was mercy's sunbeam breaking through the black cloud of despair; but, alas! sin and death

are stern realities, battling to retain their brief usurped dominion in a world already ransomed by the life-blood of its Redeemer. The dwellers in the mountain valley witnessed anew the spoiler's power; their poor emaciated country-people died in numbers before their eyes, and they could only behold them expire, and lay them in the grave — where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master!' Augustine Johnson exclaims in the anguish of his sympathizing soul, "Oh, horrid slave-trade! 'Lord! how long shall the wicked triumph?' 'They slay the widow, and the stranger, and murder the fatherless.' I could wish myself away from these scenes of horror; they are much too deplorable to be witnessed. Were it not a Christian principle which keeps me on the spot, I think I would rather be shut up in a dungeon than behold and hear the sighs and dying groans of these unfortunate victims. All efforts to save their lives seem to be in vain, and to prepare their minds for eternity proves also impossible. When some of those who have been here longer, and have been awakened by grace, address them in their own language, it appears to make no impression on them; they are so benumbed through many and continual afflictions, that they have lost

even rational feeling." This was the mournful lament of Africa's "son of consolation" over the dying and the dead. We remember that "the Lord of all power and might" once stayed the expression of human surprise that broke even from His own lips, at the evil deeds of evil men, by the declaration, "*But this is your hour, and the power of darkness!*" and the same divine lips have promised for His people's every hour of need,—"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, shall teach you all things, *and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.*" And while the beholder of "the power of darkness" stays himself upon the Word of his God, he may also look to bright trophies of sovereign mercy, lighting up with gleams of Heaven an evil world, as the stars shine forth from the darkened skies; such a trophy was Regent's Town!

In the month of May the missionary also writes:

"When the bell rang yesterday, the church was instantly filled, and many had to remain outside, though I placed the people as closely as possible. The church is now too small, and the number of hearers will increase on account of the new people. I have planned another addition, which we shall begin as soon as permission is granted. I intend to take the north side out, and throw the whole under a double roof, substituting pillars for the present north

wall, and to place the pulpit on the south side, in the middle. It will then be 80 feet long by 64. Galleries may be placed all round, which will make it as large again. May the Lord bless all our feeble endeavours!"

From time to time the pastor of Regent's Town visited the other settlements in the colony, as yet unprovided with ordained ministers, making a little tour of the different towns and villages, preaching the gospel of Christ, and administering the ordinances and sacraments of the Church of England, to those prepared to receive them under the instruction of the resident schoolmasters, and everywhere the negro-people welcomed him. In one of these missionary tours, when Mr. Reffell, the superintendent of the liberated negroes, was with him, he was exposed to great danger again in a little boat at sea. Mr. Reffell had been delayed in Court, which led to their starting too late; as soon as it grew dark a tornado made its appearance, the storm commenced immediately, and rushed from the mountains towards them; but at the moment when they expected to be overtaken by it, and, humanly speaking, felt escape from a watery grave impossible, it changed its course and passed off behind them. He who "hath His way in the whirlwind and the storm," "commandeth even the winds and waters, and they obey Him!"

The missionary had been very desirous to bring the negro Sandy with him to York, the village to which he was bound when the storm overtook him; but he says, "I could not prevail upon him. He accompanied me as far as Freetown, but took care not to take more clothing than that which he wore. I found on inquiry that he was afraid I should leave him behind. He said that if I stayed, he would stay too; but when I went, he would go too! Upon my discovering this, I desired him to return home, with which he seemed well pleased. I am really sorry that he is so partial to his home, for I hoped to place him among this people." We may be disposed to wonder at the Christian negro's unwillingness to stay among the heathen, and communicate to them the saving truth of the Gospel in which his own soul rejoiced. But the wind bloweth where it listeth, and God by the secret influences of His most Holy Spirit directeth the way of His servants according to His sovereign purpose. The missionary was bent on doing to the utmost his Master's work; but the Master thought upon his servant's hour of need—now not far distant. He made Tamba and Davis willing to carry out their pastor's distant wishes, but He made Sandy cleave to that pastor with the feeling, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for

whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge!"

We give a few more extracts from the journal:—

"March 8, 1822. In the evening I had many visits paid to me; one man said, 'Massa, them things God done for me, pass every thing! Who will die for another? Oh, the Lord Jesus die for sinner; yes, for them people who been sin against Him! I sit down and consider this, and I don't know what to say. I never hear such thing before. Sometimes people say, Such man do me good too much. But the Lord Jesus do pass every thing—He love me till he die to save me! Oh, I love Him so little; that time I want to love Him—my heart no willing, it always run about; that trouble me too much, but yet He love sinner! Ah! true, that pass everything!'

"March 10. Divine service as usual, which was attended as usual. O Lord, my shepherd, bless Thy word, and pardon all infirmities! May thy unworthy creature be more and more filled with that love which passeth understanding, and which 'many waters cannot quench;' that he may tell sinners of the electing, redeeming, and sanctifying love of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which has flowed from everlasting like a pure river of water of life,

clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb!"

Returning from one of his missionary tours, March 20, 1822, he received the following most beautiful account of the departure of a Christian negress, in his absence; he received the account from the negro Thomson, who had visited her, and of whom he speaks "as an Israelite indeed!"

"The time the woman want to die, they call me. I ask her how she now feel? She say she very glad to die; in this world nothing but trouble; she ready to go to be with the Lord. I ask her about her sins, and she said, the Lord Jesus Christ has spilt his blood for my sins; nobody else can save me; in Him only I trust. Then before she die she tell her husband to call all the people that live close there, and when the people come, she tell one man to pray. They all knelt down, and she got up from the bed, and knelt down too. When they done pray, she say, 'good bye' to the people and her husband. She lay down again, her husband help her; when she lay down, she say, '*I am going to my Father, He call me!*' Then they think she go to sleep; but when they look, they see she dead! Massa, me never see any person die in that fashion; them words you talk in the church about two weeks ago, strike me the same time. You say that God's people go to sleep when they die! Stephen, when

they stone him, *fell asleep*. Oh, I think about them words, and when I see that woman die so too, it make me glad too much!"

"March 24. Sunday, spoke on Heb. ix. 27—'And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.'

"March 25. Till ten o'clock was engaged in speaking with those who came to me; all appeared to be much affected with what they had heard the night before. It is impossible to give an outline of what was related. One man said, 'Massa, me never hear you speak so before; all what live in my thoughts you speak; I was so sorry when you had done preach; I wish you had preach all night; I think sleep would not have catch me. Oh, I was so glad about them words! When I go home all live in my heart, and when I sleep I think all night I hear you preach. Them words you talk, how God's people stand when they die, and how they stand before God without sin, through the Lord Jesus, and how glad they will be in the Day of Judgment, come to my heart and make me so glad, because long time I been 'fraid too much to die, but now I can say I glad!'"

On occasion of another sermon, a man who had hitherto led a wicked life came to the Missionary much alarmed; he said, "On Sunday you preached about them words, *Come now, and let us reason*

together. You spoke about a woman who had a bad husband, and who treated his wife very bad; but the woman was a Christian; she treated her husband very kind, and tried to make him as comfortable as possible; another man saw this, and asked the woman how she treat her husband so kind, who did all that he could to make her miserable? She answered, that she tried to do so, as in this life only her poor husband would have to enjoy comforts; she pitied him, when she considered what his awful condition would be in the world to come. Now I stand just the same; my wife, I believe, serves God for true; and, many times, I trouble her for nothing; but she bears all; and I think I see her now looking at me with tears in her eyes, and sighing. I always thought that that was nothing but fancy; but since you told us about that man and his wife, I have no rest; I am afraid that I shall be miserable in the world to come! You said, the same time, that if a man was to fall overboard into the sea, and a rope was thrown to him and he refused to lay hold of it, if he was drowned, it was his own fault. I have heard now six years the Word of God, and about the salvation of sinners by the Lord Jesus, but I have refused to lay hold of the rope. I am so 'fraid that now it is too late, but am a little encouraged because God say still, *Come now, and let us reason together!*"

"A woman said, 'Before time, now two year, I was sick, and last year I was very sick. That time my heart glad very much; I can say, that time, when I live on sick bed, *Jesus altogether lovely!* I thought that time, I should die; and I was glad very much to die—I was sure I should go to Heaven! but, this time, I fear; because you say in the church that God's people are a troubled people; and you see, massa, me have no trouble this time—me no sick—my husband no sick—my child no sick—me and my husband live very quiet together—we have always something to eat and clothes to put on; you see me have no trouble; and that made me 'fraid very much that me no belong to the Lord Jesus Christ. Besides my heart more wicked this time—he always plague me. Me don't know what to do!' I spoke to her as her case required, and she went home much relieved and very thankful."

In his constant intercourse with his people, the Missionary often speaks of the volumes that might have been filled with their varied experience, related by them with great simplicity and force; but the press of constant occupation prevented him from writing down more than occasional brief specimens, for the satisfaction of those who watched his missionary work from England. And yet of what he has given, extracts only can be inserted here, the limit of one small volume forbidding more; but

what is given is sufficient to show both the reality and the power of the work begun and continued in the hearts of these liberated slaves, who had become so quickly and so blessedly *the Lord's freemen!* One extract more will testify to the power of the pastor's brief appeals. He says—"I admitted one (to communion) who had been excommunicated two years before, and who had to all appearance become quite hardened. He did not attend church, because what he heard made him uneasy; but lived according to his evil inclinations. When one of our communicants was buried, he went, out of curiosity, to the burial-ground, and endeavoured to prevent my seeing him, by standing behind me. While I was addressing the people, he tried to engage his thoughts with something else; but, as he now told me, while I was speaking, I turned my head and said, 'What dost thou say, backslider, about meeting with thy God! Art thou prepared?' The poor man said, 'I thought you looked me in the face; and it was as if somebody had knocked me on the head. I went home, but them words followed me everywhere; and I have no rest day or night. I been gone too far—that is what I fear; but one word which you spoke in the church comforts me a little; it is, *I will heal their backslidings, for my anger is turned away from him.* I cannot stay away any longer. I pray that God may turn me. That prayer is always in my

heart, *Turn me, O Lord, and I shall be turned!* I beg you, Sir, pray for me, I am afraid I shall sink into hell! O may the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon me a poor backslider!'

"March 30. Went to-day with Mr. Reffell, and visited Bathurst, Leopold, Charlotte and Gloucester. When at Leopold a school-girl came running to tell me of the death of Mary During, a communicant. She was taken ill eight days ago in church. I firmly believe that she has joined the Church triumphant. She was about eighteen years of age, and was one of the oldest girls in the school. She has been a communicant three years, during which she faithfully followed her Saviour. She waited upon me in church, and took particular delight in washing and scouring the pulpit, reading-desk, and vestry, which she never was desired to do. Her behaviour was like that of an experienced woman; she was scarcely ever seen to smile. Her final illness, and affection of the lungs, was but short; she bore every pain with great patience. She said she had done nothing but bad, but that the Lord Jesus Christ had done great things for her—He had shed his blood for her, and that was her comfort. She fell asleep in the arms of Hagar Johnson without a struggle. Mr. Norman remarked that when he lived in the girls' school he had frequently seen Mary During pray as early as three o'clock in the morning. Who does not

rejoice at the death of the righteous, and who does not wish to die like them? Almost all the inhabitants of Regent attended the funeral. Twelve young men (communicants) carried the corpse; eight girls (likewise communicants) were pall-bearers, all dressed in white; then followed the school-girls, the women, boys of the institution, and all the men. In the evening I spoke on the event from Isaiah, xxi. 12, 'The Watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will inquire, inquire ye; return, come.' I believe every one who could walk attended divine service.

"April 1. Had many visits after evening service. One man who had been told to come to have his name put down with that of his bride, in order to have the banns published, was asked why he had omitted to come? He replied, 'Ah, Massa, that time Mary During die, my heart no stand good to get married; that is the reason I no come.'"

And now, for the last time, the rough waves of this troublesome world overflowed the soul of the beloved Missionary; heavy and bitter they were, but he rose above them, and the smile of his God beamed upon him; for a little moment earth retained possession and sight of him, and then he was gone for ever!

Mrs. Johnson was suddenly afflicted with a most painful disease; the doctors in the colony pronounced

her recovery hopeless, but urged her immediate return to England for the mitigation of her sufferings. The trial was indeed severe—as his every expression gives proof of. He had the comfort of committing his suffering wife to the care of Mr. and Mrs. During, who were returning to England to recruit their own health; and with feelings unutterable he conveyed her to the vessel that bore her from his sight for ever upon earth. On his return, his negro people gathered round him; "Looking upon me," he says, "with tears in their eyes, it appeared as though they wished to speak to me, but were too full of sorrow to say anything." And when their grief found utterance in words and tears and sobs, it comforted and yet wounded his heart afresh. But he says, "I cannot be sufficiently thankful for the mercy vouchsafed to me under this severe trial; I have enjoyed and continue to enjoy the smiles of His countenance. I can say, with resignation, 'The will of the Lord be done!' One passage of Scripture is constantly in my mind, and affords me much comfort, 'What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' I know that this trial will 'work together for good,' and that God will give new strength according to my day.

"May 5, 1822, Sunday. After prayer-meeting in the morning several people came as before, and with sympathizing affection pitied my affliction.

One woman leaned her head against the staircase, and gave free vent to her feelings; after she had a little composed herself she came to my room, and said, 'Oh, massa, I am sorry that mammy go so quick; I no say good-bye to her, which make me so troubled. Two words mammy talked to me I never forget!' She was again overcome, and went away weeping.

"At ten o'clock, divine service was performed. Mr. Norman read prayers. I was so distressed in mind that I could not preach. I directed Mr. Norman to read the 38th Psalm. Went in the afternoon to Gloucester, preached, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to about forty-six persons—my mind was much relieved; the Lord revealed Himself to me as He does not to the world. I preached at Regent's Town in the evening on Heb. iv. 14, 15, 'Seeing then that we have a great High-Priest, that is passed into the Heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an High-Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.'

"May 6. Received this morning a note from an African, who does not reside in this place:—

"'My dear Sir,

"'I was sorry and disappointed. I came

yesterday to hear you preach, as I have had no opportunity of hearing you for some time. Believe me, my dear Sir, let me go where I will, my heart can never let me think of any other church like Regent's Church. When I hear you speak, I think all you say is directed to me. When I saw you yesterday morning, I could not help weeping; only I hid it from you as much as I could; but in particular when I saw Mrs. Johnson's chair, I could not help crying, and I pitied your case; but, Sir, all things *work for good to them that love God.* This is a cross for you, and a great one to bear; you have given up your wife for the cross of Christ!'

"A considerable number of my flock came and participated in my affliction. Some said, that as God had taken away Mrs. Johnson, He would perhaps take me away: their hearts seemed so full that they scarcely could express their feelings. One said that it was just as if somebody had died. The whole place was in awful silence, and everybody appeared to mourn. One man said, 'I was in the bush making shingles, when my wife came running and said, "Mammy done go!" I said, I do not believe that, because massa no tell me; but when I came home, I hear that it was true. Oh, I so sorry, when I see you in the church Saturday evening. And Sunday when I come to church, I want to hear God's word very much, and then you no preach.

Then I think about them words you preach long time ago in the church. You say, we stand the same as people who have always plenty to eat, and don't know what it is to be hungry; we have the word of God every day; but you are afraid that we are too full, and get careless about it; take care, by and bye, God may take away His Word, and then you will know what it is to hunger for it! Ah, massa, them words come in my mind; and I so 'fraid, by and bye, God take away you too, and then what will become of us? I remembered what is written in the revelation, '*I will remove thy candlestick out of its place!*' Oh, them words make me so afraid! May the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon us, and not take you away!' Others expressed themselves in like manner.

"I still enjoy the special presence of my Saviour,
He blesses me with a peaceful and resigned mind!"

Mr. During's absence from Gloucester added greatly to Mr. Johnson's labours; and now it was that Sandy proved so great a helper to him in the church at home;—taking the constant preparation for the candidates for baptism, and as the numbers overflowed his own dwelling, he was obliged to apply for a larger place in which to assemble them. At one time fifty were under his preparatory instructions.

The summer passed away among his mountain people. The missionary was long and grievously tried by receiving no tidings of the distant object of his anxiety; vessel after vessel came in, but no letters for him; and his distress was increased by a report that gained circulation of Mrs. Johnson having died on the voyage; his heart grew sick with hope deferred, but still he laboured on, omitting no claim of heavenly or earthly duty. One while we find him returning from a missionary tour met by his rejoicing negroes, who exclaimed, "Ah, massa, we hungry too much for to see you!" Then like Oberlin, the blessed pasteur of the Ban de la Roche, going forth with his people to plan and execute a new road towards York. This road was undertaken to open a communication with the sea from Regent's Town, and to establish a fishing village at its extremity under Mr. Johnson's superintendence. In a report which was sent home to the British Government by the authorities at Sierra Leone, of a previous work of the same kind, it is stated, "The combination of Mr. Johnson's skill and ability, with the bodily strength and hearty zeal of his people, produced such rapidity of execution, that the task was completed in considerably less than one month, although in extent full two miles." Of this *earlier* road, a further description is also contained in the Government report, of the superior execution of the work in excellence as well as in

rapidity; and an interesting account is given of the way in which the impeding rocks were split, by a method suggested to Mr. Johnson's mind in witnessing the effect of a tornado which extinguished a large fire, leaving the rock split beneath it. The road to York which was now under the missionary's direction, *was five miles* in length. He says, "I have 300 men at work. We have the most difficult task remaining, but have no doubt of success. The poor people have worked almost beyond their strength; the rocks are immense, which have been moved and blown out. I explored the valleys and mountains with Noah and Johnson the day before yesterday, and walked a new pair of shoes to pieces. I hope we shall accomplish our object next week. The roads in the mountains are all made, and in good order." Then he adds, "Oh, may the Lord my Saviour keep me humble, and may every cross draw me more from the world, and fix my affections on things above, that I may say with holy Paul, 'For to me to live is Christ—to die is gain!'"

When at length tidings arrived from England, they not only brought the intelligence that Mrs. Johnson had landed safely, but that she was really *recovering* under English skill. And Mr. Johnson began to entertain the hope of her restoration to him and Africa.

But the earthly house of his tabernacle had borne the burden and heat of the day; the missionary spirit that reigned within it was bright in undiminished vigour, but the mortal framework had endured its utmost; the symptoms of decline were there—cough and hoarseness would sometimes silence the voice that breathed in blessing! But no *lingering* decay was to close for earth the fervent ministry of this devoted spirit; as suddenly as the brightness of this burning and shining light had kindled up some few short years before, so suddenly was it to fade from Earth, and pass away into its kindred Heavens.

Ophthalmia broke out among his people, and the missionary suffered severely; sometimes one eye, sometimes both, were incapable of vision. Thus enfeebled and incapacitated in body, the doctors urged a visit to England for his restoration. It seemed necessary, to preserve his longer usefulness; he entertained also the hope of bringing back Mrs. Johnson again to labour with him; tidings of his mother's death had reached him, and he felt most anxious for the Christian settlement of a young brother of sixteen, who had no one to make suitable arrangements for him; he knew also that his visit to England could not fail of being useful to the cause in which he laboured; so, obtaining the willing assent

of the committee at home, he made satisfactory arrangements for the temporary supply of his place, and set sail.

He left the mountain valley in its loveliness—the beauties of nature, the beauties of holiness! Within it rose the House of Prayer, and the dwellings of the righteous round it; the hymn of praise, the tones of supplication, the hum of busy learners young and old; and through the mountains stretched the roads for peaceful traffic and friendly intercourse, which the missionary's eye had planned, his hand directed, his untiring feet had traversed. He left his children walking in the truth, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour. Mr. During had returned to Gloucester, and would watch over them. A house was building for Sandy at Wellington, where he was now willing to labour as a native teacher; the sister missionary Mr. Johnson had brought with him from Germany was lately married to a missionary; all things seemed in such order as he could most desire. The communicants were more than 400 in number: 710 persons had learned to read; 551 men attended the evening adult school, in which there was scarcely room to move. God had done exceeding abundantly above all his faithful servant asked or thought when first his eye rested on those mountain summits; he could indeed exclaim, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation!" Yet he parted from them thinking

soon to behold them again, and there to labour on, to spend and be spent in a service so blessed.

But God, who called His servant Moses away from the tribes of Israel to the solitude of the mountain's brow, there to depart in peace; called Augustine Johnson from his 2000 negroes, to the loneliness of the ocean's wave,—there, calmly, and undisturbed by the lamentations of a multitude, to lay down the mortal life, which for His name's sake, had borne, and had laboured, and had not fainted. Moses was an hundred and twenty years old, and forty years he had led Israel in the wilderness; he knew his hour was come in which he should depart out of this world to his God. Augustine Johnson was not yet one-third of such an age, and only seven years had he fed the flock committed to him; he knew not that he stepped from Afric's shore for a brief passage, over death's dark river, to the land of immortality.

Mr. During's only remaining child was entrusted to his care, therefore he took a faithful young negress with him, named Sarah Bickersteth, as an attendant for the child. On the third day of sailing, his illness showed itself; the day after, fever increased, and he anticipated the result; the cough came on, and he observed to his weeping attendant, "I think I cannot live!" Just after sailing, he had addressed a letter to his people, exhorting them to continue in the grace of God; and in his dying moments he did

not forget the many claimants on his paternal affection whom he was about to leave behind. On Saturday, May the 3rd, he had intervals of delirium, in which he called on Noah, his faithful assistant at Regent's Town, and on his friend Mr. During, expressing his wish to tell them all he had to say before he died. When composed, he expressed an earnest desire to see his wife; and spoke encouragingly to his poor convert, who waited on him with the tenderest solicitude, striving to calm her fears, and directing her how to proceed on her arrival in London. He asked her to read to him the 23rd Psalm, and, she adds, "When I had read it, he said to me, I am going to die, pray for me! I prayed the Lord Jesus," she added, "to take him the right way!" He afterwards charged her to take good care of Mr. During's little girl, and to desire the Society to send a good minister to Regent's Town, as quickly as possible, or the people would be left in darkness. "If," said he, "I am not able to go back, you must tell Noah to do his duty; for if Noah say, 'Because massa dead, I can do nothing,'—he must pray, and God will help him, and so we shall meet in Heaven!" His last intelligible words were, *'I cannot live, God calls me, and this night I shall be with Him!'* "

An Everlasting Sign.

"Called and chosen, and faithful."—Rev. xvii. 14.

"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a Name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."—Isa. lv. 13.

CHAPTER XIII.

"AN EVERLASTING SIGN."

We can but pause in our narrative to contemplate the character of him whose loss the Church of Christ had reason deeply to mourn — one of "the precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold," so richly blessed, so largely made a blessing! The suddenness of his removal from the midst of such vigorous and successful activity, startles and almost bewilders.—"I will cause the sun to go down at noon!" The lapse of years can make little difference in the sad solemnity with which the Church of Christ contemplates such an event. The momentary impulse probably would be to avert our eyes, unable to dwell upon the desolation of what we are ready to regard as the widowed, orphaned Church of Regent's Town; but we remember that itis written, "Thy MAKER is thine HUSBAND; the Lord of Hosts is His Name;" and again, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, MY FATHER, thou art the guide of my youth!" and again, "I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you."

There is, perhaps, nothing more difficult than to

give a correct summary of any human character. Nor is it necessary here. "By their WORKS ye shall know them."—The light that shines to the glory of their Father in Heaven, is the best illumination of the Christian's name. With reference to the saintly missionary, whose mortal body sleeps beneath the Atlantic wave till the resurrection of the just, we need only transcribe the chief Apostle's epitome of his own ministry, and, with the exception of the persecutions endured for the cross of Christ, we shall find the portrait true.

"... Giving no offence in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed: but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by k' lness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report: as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." 2 Cor. vi. 3—10.

There is one characteristic of the work we have narrated, which is only the more strongly forced upon observation by an increasing acquaintance with the

details of that work—the striking counterpart between the piety of the missionary and the piety of the converts! It may at first appear as if this were a natural result—that the taught should closely resemble the teacher; and to a certain extent it is. We constantly find the peculiar views of doctrine entertained by a minister, reflected in the views of his people, and this *is natural;* but this was not the resemblance that the church of Regent's Town bore to its pastor—it was a resemblance in the character of "*pure and undefiled religion.*" We trace in the atmosphere of PRAYER in which they lived, in their CHARITY, in their ZEAL, the same characteristics that distinguished him who ministered the Word of Life to them. Such characteristics, we know, are not communicable from man to man, there is but one way of attaining them: "We all, with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Whether it were the Fathers of the English Church met in missionary conclave, or the poor West African negro on the banks of the mountain-stream, to both Augustine Johnson presented a reflection of "the glory of the Lord." The Church Missionary Committee, with long-practised discernment, instantly recognised and accepted him; the poor ignorant negro, with a quickness more marvellous, received him—listened before

they understood, understanding loved, and loving obeyed the truth as it is in Jesus—which they read in the looks, and tones, and actions of the missionary, before they knew the import of his message of LOVE. There is a length and breadth, a height and depth of meaning, in that one short declaration, "TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST!"—And the absence or presence of this fact must tell in every point of the Christian life.

In returning again to follow on in the history of the Church of Regent's Town, we shall have one fact that incontrovertibly proves the peculiar genuineness of the bright effusion of light and love witnessed there—ITS PERMANENCE!

"The month of July, at last, brought to the Church Missionary House the heaviest intelligence that had ever reached that dwelling. The joy which every previous account from Africa for three or four years had given, was suddenly turned into the deepest sorrow." Mr. Bickersteth wrote to Mr. During, conveying the particulars to him. Thesecretaries also wrote the following letter of tender solicitude to the native teachers:—

"*Church Missionary House, London,*
"*August* 28, 1823.

"DEAR NOAH, AND THE OTHER BRETHREN AT REGENT'S TOWN,

"You will have heard, long ere you receive this,

of the loss of your beloved pastor and father, Mr. Johnson. Your and our loss is his unspeakable gain, and let us all say, 'The will of the Lord be done!'

"He was justly dear to you. The Lord gave him grace to love your souls, and to be willing to lay down his life for you, and his days were shortened by labouring in a climate unhealthy to white men, for your salvation. But sorrow not for him; think rather of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory which God our Saviour has now bestowed upon him, and will bestow upon all who love His appearing; think what a blessing the Lord bestowed upon you in giving and preserving to you so long so faithful a minister.

"And why has He now taken him away? He has taken him away that you may '*cease from man*;' that is, that you may see that your confidence should not be placed in any human being; that you may see, as your beloved minister always taught you, that they are only instruments in the Lord's hands for blessing you. He has taken him away that you may learn *to trust in the Lord only*. You might naturally, having been placed under our dear departed brother's ministry, be tempted to look up too much to him, and forget who made him a blessing to you. Now you may all be led simply to look to the Lord. He will maintain His work among you. He will uphold you by His right arm, and you shall be safe. The

enemy shall not prevail against you. He has said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

"God has taken him away to *humble you and to prove you.* Many will now be saying, 'Oh, that I had minded more what he said, and walked more closely with God; but because I did not rightly value, and use the instruction of so good a man, therefore God has taken him from me.' Well, perhaps it was so with some; but be not too much discouraged, the Lord intends your spiritual good, and that you may only meet him with more joy in the kingdom of our Saviour's glory. Now, Jesus the Lord, who never leaves us, is looking upon you, and seeing whether you can trust His love even in this severe trial, and say, 'Of very faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me.'

"God has taken him, we hope, *for the conversion* of others. There are some who refused to hear Christ while His minister lived. Oh! may they hear him now, when he speaks by taking their minister away! Oh, that the unconverted negroes of Regent's Town may now turn to the Lord without delay! Oh, let it never be said of them, 'The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart, and the merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous are taken away from the evil to come.' The Lord grant that Mr. Johnson's death may be the appointed means for the spiritual life of many at Regent's Town.

"'Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' Now is the time to glorify His name, to show that you can indeed trust your Saviour, and that His grace is sufficient for you. We would address you with all affectionate earnestness, and say, 'Therefore, my brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown of rejoicing, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved.' We hope all will be of one mind, and that Satan will not prevail to divide you. We hope that Noah will attend to Mr. Johnson's dying request.

"We will endeavour, as soon as God shall enable us, to supply Mr. Johnson's place; and you must pray much to God to raise you up a faithful pastor.

"Let every man look, not on his own things, but on the things of the Lord Jesus. We hope yet that the Gospel will spread from among you, and by you, far and wide among your countrymen. Oh! think of their perishing condition, and may the Lord give you grace to long and labour for their salvation. We are persuaded you will do more than we say.

"And then look at your beloved minister's life, and God give you all grace to follow him as he followed Christ. Remember how he laboured among you—how kind and loving he was to every man—how he bore with your infirmities—how he rejoiced to tell you of Christ—how grieved he was at the

ungodly—how much he prayed for you. Oh, think of these things!

"We close all in the words of the Apostle, 'Remember them which have (had) the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of life; whose faith follow; remembering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'

"The Lord be with you all, pray your affectionate friends,

"JOSIAH PRATT,
"EDWARD BICKERSTETH."

The tidings of the removal of this eminently useful man were received, far and near, with the deepest sorrow. In September, the intelligence reached Sierra Leone; Mr. Norman, who had been left in charge of Regent's Town, was reading "Milner's Church History" with the native teachers and the elder boys of the Institution; after reading the letter delivered to him, he told the surrounding group "that their minister was dead!" On their grief we need not dwell; tears are a tribute to the just! Noah, especially, heard as it were the voice of his departed pastor speaking to him from Eternity! The tidings soon spread over the town, and in a few minutes the house was crowded with weeping inquirers. Mr. Norman stood among them, and tried

to comfort them, and he told them that after evening service in the church, he would read them the letters containing the account. The church was crowded; and Mr. Norman, apprehensive of a burst of feeling, before beginning the service begged them to hear in silence, telling them that the Christian manner of bearing a trial was with patient, silent submission to the will of God. And that crowded assembly of Africa's impulsive children paid this most touching tribute to the sacred memory of their father in Christ, that they listened to all in *Christian silence.* —*'Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child!'*

The service opened by the sorrowing assembly singing the hymn—

> "Dear refuge of my weary soul!
> On thee when sorrows rise,
> On thee when waves of trouble roll,
> My fainting hope relies."

The first verse of the passage that came in course for the evening service was John viii. 12: "Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Afterwards the letters were read to the hushed assembly; who concluded their evening service by singing the hymn—

"In every trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise."

The governor of the colony, Sir Charles MacCarthy, writing to the secretaries of the Church Missionary Society, says of Mr. Johnson's death: "It is a severe dispensation of Providence upon us; his exertions have been great; and may, perhaps, be equalled; but, I fear, never surpassed! He was esteemed by the whole community; his people feel as they ought, having lost a father and a friend in him."

Similar letters were received from the surviving missionaries, from the native teachers, and from others connected with the colony. The friends of the Society throughout England joined in the lament, and even from Germany the voice of sorrow was heard.

The church of Regent's Town long mourned its loss. The poor people begged Mr. Norman, who had been left in charge by their departed pastor, to remain among them; and he would gladly have done so, but in a few months ill-health compelled him to return to England. The efforts of the Committee to supply Augustine Johnson's place were earnest and persevering, but their faith was tried by repeated disappointments. A lonely year passed over the mountain-valley. The public works were stopped,

from the want of a responsible person to take the charge of affairs; and the poor people, unable to obtain work, were scattered like sheep without a shepherd; the population rapidly diminished to 1300, and of those who remained as residents in Regent's Town, many had to seek employment at Freetown, a distance of five miles from their home. This was indeed a severe trial for an infant church just gathered from heathenism; but that church had been "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself the Chief Corner Stone," and the gates of hell could not prevail against it; broken, scattered, tried, and tempted, a remnant was still kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. When in 1825 the Rev. H. Brooks arrived as a pastor of Regent's Town, he found a church to answer to his call: thinned as the population was, 272 persons attended the first celebration of the Lord's Supper; and the newly appointed pastor challenged any village in England to present a more orderly congregation. Everything gave promise of revival beneath the faithful missionary's hand; but the light in which Regent's Town prepared to rejoice gleamed brightly for a moment, and expired,—a few weeks and the missionary of Regent's Town slept in Jesus!

Again forsaken of pastoral care, her teachers removed into a corner, poor Regent's Town sank

lower than before; who could expect it to be otherwise? We find an anxious apostle, separated for awhile from his Thessalonian converts, writing, "When I could no longer forbear, I sent to know your faith, lest by some means the tempter have tempted you, and our labour be in vain!" Here at Regent's Town were negro converts, children in all things, left to struggle on for this world and the next; to regulate themselves when hitherto they had leaned with the confidence and the love of children on a temporal and spiritual father's hand. Can we wonder that many among them should stumble and fall; and yet, that of such it should be equally true, "though they fall, they shall not be cast away, for the Lord upholdeth them with his hand!" One highly esteemed of all, was now appointed over the whole Mountain District, and gave occasional services at Regent, but he proved one of those "by whom offences come;" his name need not be inscribed upon the missionary page. All things seemed "against" the church in the mountain-valley; and looking only earthward, we might indeed expect that, bereft and bewildered, she would sink back into the heathenism from which she had so recently been drawn. But in her darkest day, "gleaning grapes" were visibly left in her; and many, we cannot doubt, there were who had oil in their vessels with their lamps, though in the day of spiritual famine and earthly destitution

their light burned low and dim, in some, perhaps, not even perceptible, save to Him who saw in Israel 7000 of His true worshippers, when His prophet's eye discerned not one except himself alone.

In 1831, the Rev. W. Betts was stationed at Regent, where much was expected from his Christian zeal and judgment. "Had not the severe indisposition of his wife compelled him for a time to abandon his missionary labours, Regent might again have lifted up her head among the villages, and become a praise in the earth; but her resurrection morn was not yet come." Years passed on, and the mournful comment of the Church Missionary historian is, "Many of those for whom the sainted Johnson and others spent their strength, were now lost in the heathen mass from which they were taken." Sandy, who had been placed as native teacher at Wellington, had for a considerable time diligently fulfilled his duties there, much to the satisfaction of the European missionaries. But the pastor was gone, who would have said, '*as my beloved sons, I warn you!*' The few missionaries of the colony, struggling with death in themselves and heathenism around, had little opportunity to watch over the spiritual health of those who were looked upon as established in the faith. We know not Sandy's history; we only know that he fell, and was separated from his official connexion with the society; but it

is impossible not to trust that he was still enabled to look up and say, 'Doubtless Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not. Thou, O Lord, art our Father, and our Redeemer.' The poor heathen, because trained in every evil habit, must have been the more readily surprised into transgression; and the Chief Apostle teaches that it is possible for such to be forgiven and comforted.

In 1827 we find the value of Tamba's services commented upon. Yet, previous to this, Tamba himself had been for a short time suspended from his connexion with the Society as a teacher, for refusing to undertake charge of the village of Kissy; but he was shortly restored, and "placed over the people at Wellington, *by whom he was greatly beloved:*" and we find his name continually among the labouring missionaries. We can but mourn for those who, under circumstances so adverse, were betrayed by evil, yet unsubdued within; while we praise God for the marvellous grace by which any were upheld and carried forward in a course of consistency.

In 1834 Mr. Gillespie had been appointed pastor of Regent's Town, and the work of the Lord seemed to prosper in his hands, but he too died, and the village was again left without a resident European.

But in 1835 the charge of the Mountain District, comprising several villages, was entrusted to

Mr. Schôn, afterwards one of the chaplains of the Niger expedition; and now Regent is spoken of as raising its drooping head! The public services were extremely well attended, particularly in the morning—the church could not contain more; those who had been suspended were seeking re-admission, and candidates were pressing forward. The slumbering sparks had waited but the breathing of heavenly truth and love to rekindle, and keep them burning brightly. In the Church Missionary Paper for this year we find the following paragraph—"More than seventy of the communicants, out of 184 now at Regent's Town, were baptized and admitted to the privileges of the church by the Rev. W. A. Johnson. While many have awfully fallen, *these have steadily held on their way for the last twelve years, and many others have died and gone to Heaven.*" The following comment is added: "What a consolatory proof is thus afforded of the blessing bestowed on the labours of the late Mr. Johnson! Twelve years after the death of that highly-honoured missionary, and notwithstanding the frequent interruptions and suspensions of missionary labours among the people, there are found more than seventy communicants who enjoyed the advantages of his ministry, still living, who have steadily held on their way Zionward!"

Having traced in some degree the history of the Church of Regent's Town through these twelve

years, it is impossible not to realise the fact, that though her eyes so seldom beheld her teachers, the Lord was in the midst of her,—her God had not forsaken her!

And now the clouds that had gathered and hung so heavily over the mountain valley were rolling fast away, and the work of grace in the hearts of her children became "as the tender grass springing out of the earth, by clear shining after rain." Many came to acknowledge their offences and seek reconciliation with God. One said to the missionary then in charge (Mr. Weeks), "I come to you in very great trouble of soul; my sins talk to me like one man talks to another; and when I consider all my past sins and past mercies, my heart is too full, so that I can't tell what to do!" A woman expressing her sorrow for past unfaithfulness to God, related how she had tried to persuade her husband to come with her, "but he said, 'Go you, and I will come by and bye.' Then I said, 'Yes, as I have my own soul to save, I cannot wait for you, so I try best for myself!'"

In the year 1838, it was determined by the Society to build another missionary residence at Regent's Town, that Mr. Weeks, who had for some time been labouring there, might reside among the people. In him one was given to them, who came not to breathe a blessing and to die, but to labour on—"to feed the flock of God;" "to seek that which

was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and to bind up that which was broken, and to strengthen that which was weak;" one to whom it was to be permitted to labour in the colony through a term of years exceeding all missionary expectation in Africa, and then, finally, in November, 1855, to land there once more, the ordained Bishop of Sierra Leone! After mourning continually over the graves of missionaries, so quickly sleeping beneath the turf on which they hoped to have long stood to minister, it gives comfort to look for a moment on one, round whom the negroes' affections gathered, preserved in life among them. Long years before, Augustine Johnson had exclaimed, "O that missionaries and schoolmasters would make it their principal object at the beginning to gain the hearts of the people! I know by experience, that the missionary who has the affections of the people, can do more by two words spoken in season, yea, with a sorrowful look, than another with never so severe means!" Could he from his couch of rest have looked upon the church, once dearer than life to him, and seen the "nursing-father" who now came to make his home among them, he would have seen in him the longing of his heart fulfilled. To illustrate this fact we transcribe the brief account of the recent landing of Dr. Weeks as Bishop at Sierra Leone:—"His arrival created an almost indescribable excitement.

One and all rushed to the wharf to greet him, who, though new as Bishop, was still their same old friend. All eager to shake hands with their old father, and their beloved matron Mrs. Weeks, they seemed for the moment to forget all decorum, and hugging as closely as possible to the beloved pair, a little timidity alone restrained them from giving vent to their natural warmth of African gratitude and affection." *

A generation had now, in 1855, passed away since Augustine Johnson was so met by his rejoicing people; and in an evil world, where grateful love too often fails to overflow, it is a subject of rejoicing to find that the negro heart had not grown cold.

In 1838, the missionary house for the residence of Mr. Weeks at Regent, was in course of erection. He says, "The communicants and candidates of Regent have rendered me very great assistance in point of labour for the Society's new house. They brought up seven hundred bushels of lime from Freetown, and one thousand nine hundred bushels of sand from the beach, free of any expense, the distance in both instances being six miles;" and the carriage of course difficult, to the height of Regent's Town.

An extract from Mr. Weeks' journal transports us in thought to the days of Augustine Johnson:—

"One of our helpers at Regent had of late been greatly afflicted. I visited him several times during

* "Church Missionary Record," February, 1856.

his illness. On one occasion, which I shall not soon forget, when I entered his yard unperceived, I found that he was engaged with his class, with his Bible on his knees — weak, and feeble, and worn-out as he appeared to me, making a few practical remarks; he observed, 'Thus you see, my brethren, that if we be born again we are new creatures, and everybody will know it; not because we are communicants, but because we are true Christians; for all the words that come out of our mouths will be clean, they will be right words. So also when we buy or sell anything, or whatever we do, we shall try to do it in the right way. I know it is not by our own power, but by God's power, we can act so.' A few days before his death when I saw him for the last time, he could scarcely sit up. When I entered his room he said, 'O master, I did not think that I should ever see you again in this world! three days since I thought I was going to my Father in Heaven; I now think it will not be very long before my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ will take me away from this very wicked world. I was glad too much when I saw your new house getting on so fast. I said, our Master will soon be with us altogether; but now, I think, when you come from Glo'ster to live in that house, I shall not be here. Well, all my trust is upon Jesus Christ!' I commended him in prayer to the protection and blessing of God. He has been a useful helper to the

church for upwards of thirteen years, and I shall now find it a difficult matter to supply his place.

"The duty of a 'helper' is to watch with care over twenty-five or thirty communicants; to report any irregularity in their conduct; to meet them once a-week for social prayer; to converse on religious subjects; to inform the missionary if any one is taken ill, and to visit their country-people, and invite them to come to church. Another of our helpers has also been removed from us by death; he has faithfully discharged his duties towards those over whom he was requested to watch for the last fourteen years. Such men are indeed valuable auxiliaries to missionary labourers."

In 1840, Mr. Weeks writes: "Our congregations are very encouraging, as are also our day and Sunday schools. During the past year my health suffered more severely than in any one year before; yet God has, I trust, blessed my feeble endeavours more abundantly. In Regent alone, one hundred and twelve persons applied to me for Christian instruction; upwards of seventy were candidates for baptism, five for the Lord's Supper, and the remainder were backsliders. Several who were formerly communicants, and were suspended for various offences, have returned to the church, professing great grief for their past conduct, and I trust also, with a godly sorrow, exercising faith in Him whom their sins have pierced."

In March of this year, Mr. Weeks was obliged to return to England for the recovery of his health. Of this temporary separation from his people he writes —

"I felt the parting with my people very much. On the 14th of March, I preached my farewell sermon; and the next morning both the children and people came in great numbers to give me their parting good wishes, and promised they would pray to God every day for us. It was truly affecting to hear some of them relate the particulars of Mr. Johnson's leaving them; and their receiving a letter from the Society, in which they said it was written, that they should continue in the ways of the Gospel; and that, though their minister was removed from them, God was not. These particulars were quite new to me, and were very encouraging; it convinced me how long suitable advice might be retained, and what benefit it sometimes conferred by giving a word in season."

Mr. Weeks was again restored, through the mercy of God, to his mountain charge. We make one more extract from the journal of this devoted missionary:—

"Oct. 21, 1843. This day, a poor widow died. She had suffered much from a consumptive disease during the last eighteen months, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation. She was baptized, and admitted to the privileges of the church, by the late Rev. W. A. B. Johnson. It may be truly said of her that she was a Christian

indeed! Her knowledge of Scripture was surprising; her attendance on the means of grace regular and devout; her whole conduct exemplary; her faith in Christ simple and firm; her hope of glory bright and stedfast; and her end peace. I knew her upward of eight years, and can bear my humble testimony to her Christian character during that period. I have often thought, since her death, with what holy joy and heavenly delight she would in the other world meet her beloved pastor, who was the instrument of God in bringing her to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. During the last few months she was confined to her house. I asked her one day how she felt in the near prospect of death. She replied, 'I know I am a poor sinner, nothing worth; but Christ is my Saviour, and the comfort he has given to refresh my soul since I fall under this sickness is very great. I thank Him truly that He has continued this trial of sickness so long. I do not look to the world, and expect comfort for my soul; I look to Christ, to Him only; His promises are many, and very great, and upon these I can rest. God has fulfilled one part of that precious promise, so I believe He will fulfil the other—*Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.* Yes, God has mercifully taken care of me, a poor widow, ever since my husband's death; and so I

trust He will take care of my two dear children. I leave them with God!' The last time I saw her, she had broken a blood-vessel during the previous night. At intervals, when able to converse a little, she said, 'I wish to be with my Saviour; but hope He will enable me to bear my pain patiently and wait His time. Oh, what did my blessed Saviour suffer to save my poor soul! All my hope is in Christ. I loved Him, and endeavoured to serve Him when I was well and strong; but since I am sick and weak, He is far more good to me than I ever remember before. I can die happy; I am not afraid of death, because my blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, has enabled me, of His goodness, to trust altogether in His mercy. He took His blood, His own heart's blood, to pay for my sins. The work is all His own—Praise His holy name!"'

When Mr. Weeks left Regent, the Rev. N. Denton succeeded to the charge of the Mountain District; residing, as Mr. Weeks had done, at Regent. In 1851, we learn from the journal of this excellent pastor that three hundred and seventy communicants again assembled around the Table of the Lord at Regent's Town; and there were at the same time two hundred and sixty-seven candidates. Suffering from fever, he visited York for a fortnight, on the coast; there he was hospitably received by Mr. Ehemann, who had recently occupied that station; but he speaks of the

contrast he felt between York and Regent, and he returned home thankful for his privileges in the mountain valley.

March 1. Mr. Denton writes,—"I had the pleasure of laying the foundation-stone of a new school-room at Regent, upon the site of the house which was built for and occupied by the good and memorable Mr. Johnson. Some of the very stones that were witnesses of his prayers, that sheltered his honoured head from Africa's heat and rain, will henceforth perform the same good offices towards teachers and children, while carrying on and continuing that holy work, which he so successfully began."

In April, 1852, Mr. Denton gives a very interesting account of the preparation for the rite of Confirmation, which of course could not be administered until now, when a bishop resided amongst them. The Church of Regent's Town was filled with the candidates for this holy rite, the communicants of Gloucester and Leicester being assembled with them, all arrayed in white; the scene must have been deeply interesting and touching. Mr. Denton says, "It was indeed a high day with the people; they commenced preparing themselves very early in the morning, and were all ready by nine o'clock."

In consequence of illness and bereavement, Mr. Denton left for a recruiting visit to England. On his last Sabbath at Regent's Town, the excellent Bishop

Vidal baptized forty-seven adults, who had been for some time prepared and waiting for this consecrating rite; giving Mr. Denton an opportunity of speaking a word of parting counsel and affection to his people. In the afternoon the Bishop preached, greatly delighting the people. One said to Mr. Denton that no one wanted to go home; they would like to have remained all night in the Church! We give the beautiful extract from the Missionary's journal:—

"I must not close this report without bearing a word of testimony to the kind sympathy and deep feeling of the people generally during our late affliction. If anything could compensate our loss, this would go far towards it. It does strengthen our belief in the fact that our heavenly Father, though He has taken our dear little ones, has given us many spiritual children in Africa. Thus, though we weep, we will not murmur, but rejoice in the hope of having many to be our 'crown of rejoicing' in a world where they die no more."

Dec. 22, 1853. Mr. Denton returned to Regent's Town alone, leaving all the ties of kindred far behind him, but welcomed by the love that owns a brotherhood — not diminished by time, nor assailable by death.

May 28. He writes, "The number of candidates ready for baptism at Regent being more than I could well undertake at one time, I divided them,

baptizing twenty-three women on the 7th, and the same number of men to-day. Among them was one who was a school-boy in Mr. Johnson's time."

It will perhaps be remembered that the first convert who so rejoiced Augustine Johnson's longing heart, was a negro shingle-maker, Joe Thompson by name; and in the Church Missionary Record for April 1855, we find the following interesting account, which, it seems, must be of the same individual. From Bathurst, a mountain village not far from Regent, the native catechist, Mr. C. Macaulay, writes the following account in this journal:

"VISITS TO THE SICK AND DYING.

"The first case is that of Joseph Thompson, an aged communicant, and *one of the earliest inhabitants of the Mountain District*. He knew little of reading, but had a tolerable amount of scriptural knowledge. He had been made a Christian leader, but his competency being once called in question by the members of his class, he was requested to discontinue teaching. This he did with the greatest meekness and humility. On the 21st of December last, he was taken seriously ill, and sent for me very early in the morning. Before I entered the house I was detained a good while, hearing, with pleasure, an old Christian woman praying with him and for him." After some questions about his bodily state, the catechist inquired, "How

do you feel in your soul?" "I think it is all right, but there is a darkness before me which I am trying to look through." "Keep near Jesus." "That is just what I am doing. I can do nothing else, I cannot let Him go!" "If you are to die now, is all right with you?" "Yes." "Who will save you?" "God." "How will God save you?" "For Jesus' sake." "How will He save you for Jesus' sake?" Then came this remarkable answer from his lips, which moved my heart all at once. "He —Jesus—is the Redeemer, God! There is God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. I hang upon Jesus!" "But to die, and to live, which do you like better?" "If God say live, I like it; and if He say die, I like it. Not my will, not my power. I like to die, because the world is full of troubles." "What troubles? do you mean sickness, and pain, and such like?" "I mean sin, also." "Do you like prayer?" "That is just what I want, I live upon it!" Here I prayed with him, and having offered him as much comfort and encouragement as I could, I left him. He died in the evening; and I had to consign his remains to the grave the next day, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life."

In 1855, Mr. Ehemann left his beloved charge at York, where he had laboured seven years with an abundant blessing, and came to succeed Mr. Denton

in the Mountain District, and to reside at Regent's Town. He found that the Bible classes, formerly held there, had been discontinued for some years past; he considered it one of his first duties to re-organise these. Accordingly, he divided *the five hundred and seven communicants* into two classes, whom he met regularly on Wednesday and Friday, every week, or in his absence the native catechist; he adds, "This gained me the hearts of the people, which many—particularly the old members of Regent church, who in their younger days enjoyed the ministry of Mr. Johnson—manifested by a hearty shake of my hand, saying, 'God bless you, massa; you do we good; this we like to see!' I thanked the Lord inwardly for this token of his favour, and took courage!"

After this statement, may we not close our notices of the church in Regent's Town in the words of a missionary's widow, Mrs. Palmer, who, writing from Sierra Leone, in 1823, thirty-two years before the date of our last extract, says, when speaking of Regent's Town, "*That blessed, highly blessed place!*" The Word of inspiration declares, 'BLESSED are the people that know the joyful sound, they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.'

In the Church Missionary Intelligencer, for March 1855, the negro town of Regent is spoken of as containing a population, amounting to several

thousands, *almost entirely Christian;* and the following remark is added, "In the earlier part of its history, it witnessed a gracious visitation from God, by the rapid conversion of many newly-liberated slaves, through the instrumentality of its devoted German missionary, Mr. Johnson."

And here, in taking leave of his honoured name, it is impossible not to look back for a moment to what he was; to look also upon what others are, and what others may become. What was Augustine Johnson?—a poor labouring mechanic, without daily bread, without friends, a foreigner in a foreign land. What raised him to a position of such eminent usefulness and blessing, in his day and generation?—the effusion of the Spirit of Christ—this was poured out upon him, quickening his energies, deepening his feelings, enlightening his understanding, sanctifying the whole man. History gives a glimpse of what he became, and what he accomplished: while eternity alone can fully manifest the results of the seven years' devotion of his heart to God. Is not this a call for Christian supplication and expectation to expand and deepen? We look around and behold a countless multitude, such as Augustine Johnson was; shall we not look upward, whence alone the regenerating, elevating influence can descend, that numbers without number of that multitude may become such as he was made

of God to be? Truly, with all humility, might the German mechanic have said, with the chief apostle, at the retrospect of God's gracious work in and by him, "they glorified God in me!"

And now, farewell, bright Mountain Valley—gleaming with heavenly light and love! We turn our lingering eyes away from the fair record of thy Christian church—while thy fold was as yet unbroken, thy first shepherd yet unsmitten, thy flock unscattered — where shall we find another spot so bright? Do we look on our congregations at home—and beside thy early brightness, does their light burn dim, their love seem cold? We are thankful that it is not ours to judge. And if the question prove a saddening one, and the eye, unsatisfied, wanders on, we may look heavenward and rejoice! There, in the general assembly and church of the first-born, the spirits of the just made perfect, is love that knows no chill; affiance that no doubt can weaken; and a will to serve the Lord who bought them, that no temptation can assail, no difficulty damp, no impediment hinder. *And there shall be no more curse! but the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him.*

"AMEN. EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS."

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